

The
Christy's Minstrels
Song Book

VOL. II.

MUSICAL CABINET

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In Two Volumes, containing 120 Songs, 4s. each.

BOOSEY'S

MUSICAL CABINET.

THE

Christy's Minstrels'

Song Book

(SECOND VOLUME)

CONTAINING

SIXTY SONGS

WITH CHORUSES AND PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

London :

BOOSEY & SONS, 24 & 28 HOLLES STREET.

Christy's Minstrel Song Book

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Christy's Minstrels' Songs

FOURTH BOOK

CONTAINING

TWENTY SONGS

SUNG BY

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS

EDITED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

No. 1. I'D CHOOSE TO BE A DAISY.

FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

Moderato.

PIANO. *p*

1. I'd choose to be a dai - sy, if I might be a flow - er, My
2. I love the gen - tle li - ly, it looks so meek and fair, But

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS' POPULAR SONGS.

pe - tals clos - ing soft - ly, at twi - light's si - lent hour; And wak - ing in the
dai - sies I love bet - ter, for they grow ev' - ry - where; The li - lies bloom so

morn - ing, when falls the ear - ly dew, To wel - come heav'n's bright sun - shine, and
sad - ly, in sun - shine or in show - er, But dai - sies still look up - ward, how -

heav'n's bright tear - drop too. } I'd choose to be a dai - sy, if . I might be a
- e - ver dark the hour. }

flow - er, My pe - tals clos - ing soft - ly, at twi - light's si - lent hour. . .

Chorus, after each verse.

1ST TREBLE.

2ND TREBLE.

TENOR AND
BASS.

PIANO.

p

cres. dim.

flow - er. My pe - tals clos - ing soft - ly, at twi - light's si - lent hour. .

cres. dim.

flow - er. My pe - tals clos - ing soft - ly, at twi - light's si - lent hour. . .

cres. dim.

flow - er. My pe - tals clos - ing soft - ly, at twi - light's si - lent hour. . .

cres. dim.

No. 2.

OLD BOB RIDLEY.

PIANO. *Andante.*

1. Oh! white folks, I will sing you a dit - ty,
 2. Oh! white folks, I've just come from de moun-tain,
 3. De first time dat I got a lick - ing, 'Twas

I'm from home, but that's no pi - ty, To praise my - self it
 How ma - ny miles, I did not count 'em, I left de folks on de
 down in de fields at de cot - ton pick - ing, It made me dance, and it

am a shame, . . But old Bob Rid - ley . . is my name,
 old plan - ta - tion, Come down here for my e - du - ca - tion, } I'm
 made me tremi-ble, I, gol - ly! it made my . . eye - balls gin - gle. }

rit.

old Bob Rid - ley, oh! I'm old Bob Rid - ley, oh! I'm

a tempo.

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff in G major, 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clef) in the same key and time. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The tempo marking 'a tempo.' is placed below the piano part.

old Bob Rid - ley, oh! I'm old Bob Rid - ley, oh! . . .

This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal melody continues on the single staff. The piano accompaniment continues on the two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with ellipses indicating a continuation of the melody.

DANCE.

faster.

This system marks the beginning of the dance section. The tempo is indicated as 'faster.' The piano accompaniment features a more rhythmic and complex pattern, typical of a dance tune. The vocal part is not present in this section.

This system continues the dance section. The piano accompaniment remains on two staves, maintaining the fast, rhythmic pattern established in the previous system. The key signature and time signature remain consistent.

No. 3. WHERE ARE MY SCHOOLMATES GONE?

WORDS BY B. E. WOOLF.

FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

PIANO. *Moderato.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a moderate tempo. The left hand plays a continuous eighth-note accompaniment.

The first system of the piano accompaniment, continuing from the introduction. The right hand has chords and the left hand has a steady eighth-note pattern.

The second system of the piano accompaniment. It includes the instruction *ritard. dim.* (ritardando, diminuendo) and *pp* (pianissimo) towards the end of the system.

1. Oh!
2. Oh!

where are my school - mates gone, ... The shy, the dull, and the
where are my school - mates gone, ... Do they yet toss on life's storm-y

The third system of the song, featuring the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

gay? They have left me all heart - - sick and
waves! Or sleep a sleep peace - - ful and

lone, ... To drag out that life's short' - ning day. The
lone, ... 'Neath the flow'rs that bloom o'er their graves! What

school yet re - mains where it stood, ... When its
day - - dreams are mine to en - - joy, ... As I

moss - - co - ver'd roof I first saw, ... The play - ground, my eyes turn to
sit and gaze in - - to the past, ... 'Till a - gain I am chang'd to a
cres.

flood, ... When I think of the play - - ground of
 boy, ... And, ah, me! dreams too ai - - - ry to

cres. *dim.*

vore, last. The spire, too, that point ed to truth, ... The
 Fare - - - well, scat - ter'd friends of my youth, ... 'Tis

rall. *colla voce.*

fall, in its bub - bling rage, ... So vast in the days of my
 mem' - - ry dims these old eyes, ... May your thoughts, like you spire, point to

youth, truth, So small in the night of my age. . . .
 And we'll talk o'er the past in the skies. . . .

SOPRANO.
Where are my schoolmates gone, The shy, the dull, and the gay? . . They have

ALTO.
Where are my schoolmates gone, The shy, the dull, and the gay? . . They have

TENOR.
Where are my schoolmates gone, The shy, the dull, and the gay? . . They have

BASS.
Where are my schoolmates gone, The shy, the dull, and the gay? . . They have

PIANO.
Where are my schoolmates gone, The shy, the dull, and the gay? . . They have

left me all heart - sick and lone, To drag out life's short' - ning day. . .

left me all heart - sick and lone, To drag out life's short' - ning day. . .

left me all heart - sick and lone, To drag out life's short' - ning day. . .

left me all heart - sick and lone, To drag out life's short' - ning day. . .

left me all heart - sick and lone, To drag out life's short' - ning day. . .

No. 4.

ELLA LEENE.

COMPOSED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

Moderato.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. It begins with a half note F#4, followed by a quarter note G#4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The left staff is in bass clef and begins with a half note F#2, followed by a quarter note G#2, a quarter note A2, and a half note B2. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The right staff continues the melody from the introduction, and the left staff provides a steady harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1. She was fair as the beams of the morn - - - ing, As
2. Her voice, that was sweet - er than mu - - - sic Of the

The first verse of the song. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The piano part includes a *pp* (pianissimo) marking. The lyrics are: "1. She was fair as the beams of the morn - - - ing, As 2. Her voice, that was sweet - er than mu - - - sic Of the".

sweet and as fra-gile as the rose, - - - And she whisper'd, "bye and bye, plant sweet
sum-mer that sings in plain-tive strain, - - - Is hush'd in our house - hold for

The second verse of the song. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "sweet and as fra-gile as the rose, - - - And she whisper'd, 'bye and bye, plant sweet sum-mer that sings in plain-tive strain, - - - Is hush'd in our house - hold for".

flow - - - ers O'er the grave where El - la takes re - pose." When I
e - - - ver, Here we ne - - ver more shall meet a - gain. She is

sleep in the dark gloomy shadows, That hide in the silence of the tomb, As
gone, like a blossom of the morning, Which the night - wind has shaken to the ground, But she

oft as you wan-der where I'm rest - ing, You will find hope is writ-ten in their
blooms where the fragrance of the flow - ers E - ver shed sweetest o - dours a -

bloom. }
- round. } She was fair as the beams of the morn - - - ing, As

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS' POPULAR SONGS.

sweet and as fra - gile as the rose, ... And she whisper'd, "bye and bye, plant sweet

flow - - - ers O'er the grave where El - la takes re - pose."

Chorus, after each verse.

SOFRANO. When the west wind was sigh - ing, gen - tly sigh - - - - ing, Through the

ALTO. When the west wind was sigh - ing, gen - tly sigh - - - - ing, Through the

TENOR AND BASS. When the west wind was sigh - ing, gen - tly sigh - - - - ing, Through the

PIANO.

cres. *f* *p cres.*

pine - boughs so fra - grant and green, . . . There we ga - ther'd in tears by the

pine - boughs so fra - grant and green. . . . There we ga - ther'd in tears by the

pine - boughs so fra - grant and green, . . . There we ga - ther'd in tears by the

bed - side of our dar - ling, our dar - ling El - la Leene. . .

bed - side of our dar - ling, our dar - ling El - la Leene. . .

bed - side of our dar - ling, our dar - ling El - la Leene. . .

dim.

No. 5. STOLEN KISSES ARE THE SWEETEST.

WORDS BY B. E. WOOLFE.

SUNG BY R. BISHOP BUCKLEY.

COMPOSED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

PIANO.



1. If you would your pas - sion prove, That I from doubt might
 2. Seize not rash - ly, or may - hap Des - pair, not joy, may



free you; Steal a kiss from one you love, But let no - bo - dy see you.
 meet you; Bide your time, or else a slap, And not a smack, will greet you.



Kiss her gen - tly, but be sly, Kiss her when there's no one by, Steal it then, for
 Wait un - til her thoughtful eye Is quiet - ly fix'd on va - can - cy, Steal your kiss, for

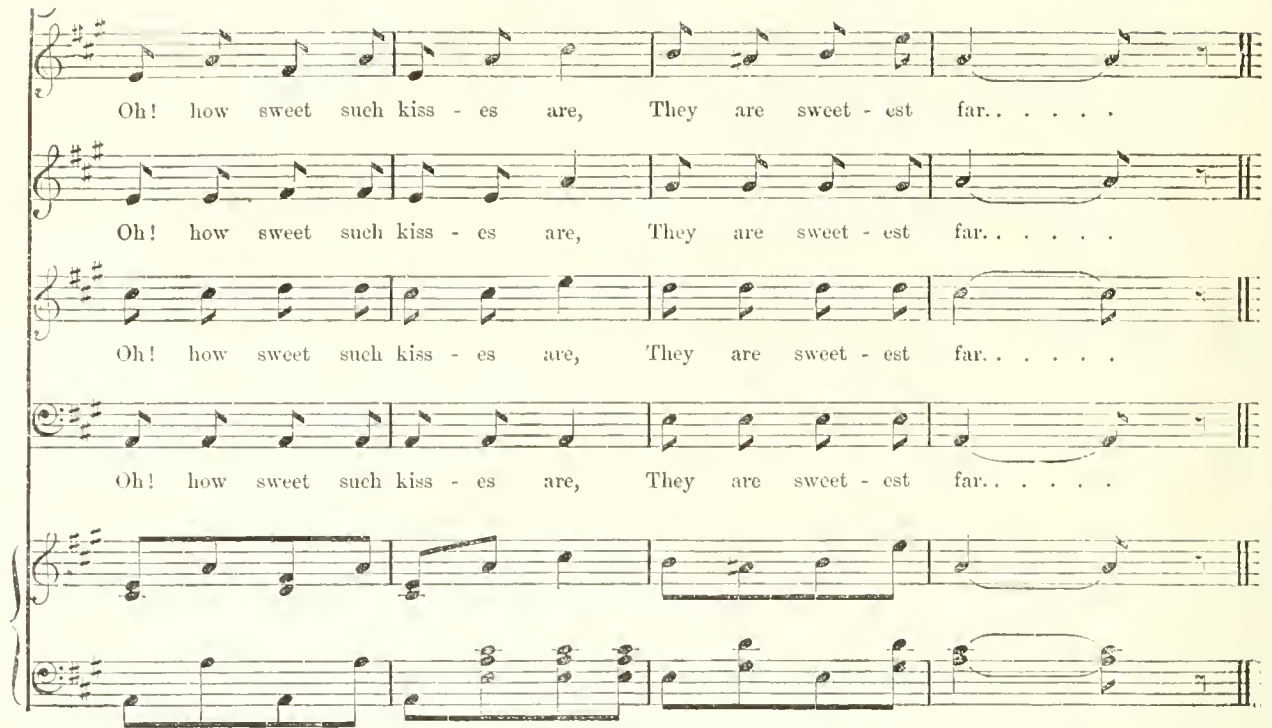


it is meet - est, Sto - len kiss - es are the sweet - est. } Kiss her gen - tly, but be sly,
then 'tis meet - est, Sto - len kiss - es are the sweet - est. }

Kiss her when there's no one by; Oh! how sweetsuch kiss-es are, They are sweet-est far. . .

Chorus, after each verse.

SOPRANO. Kiss her gen - tly, but be sly, Kiss her when there's no one nigh,
2ND SOPRANO. Kiss her gen - tly, but be sly, Kiss her when there's no one nigh
TENOR. Kiss her gen - tly, but be sly, Kiss her when there's no one nigh,
BASS. Kiss her gen - tly, but be sly, Kiss her when there's no one nigh,
PIANO. *mf*



Oh! how sweet such kiss - es are, They are sweet - est far.

Oh! how sweet such kiss - es are, They are sweet - est far.

Oh! how sweet such kiss - es are, They are sweet - est far.

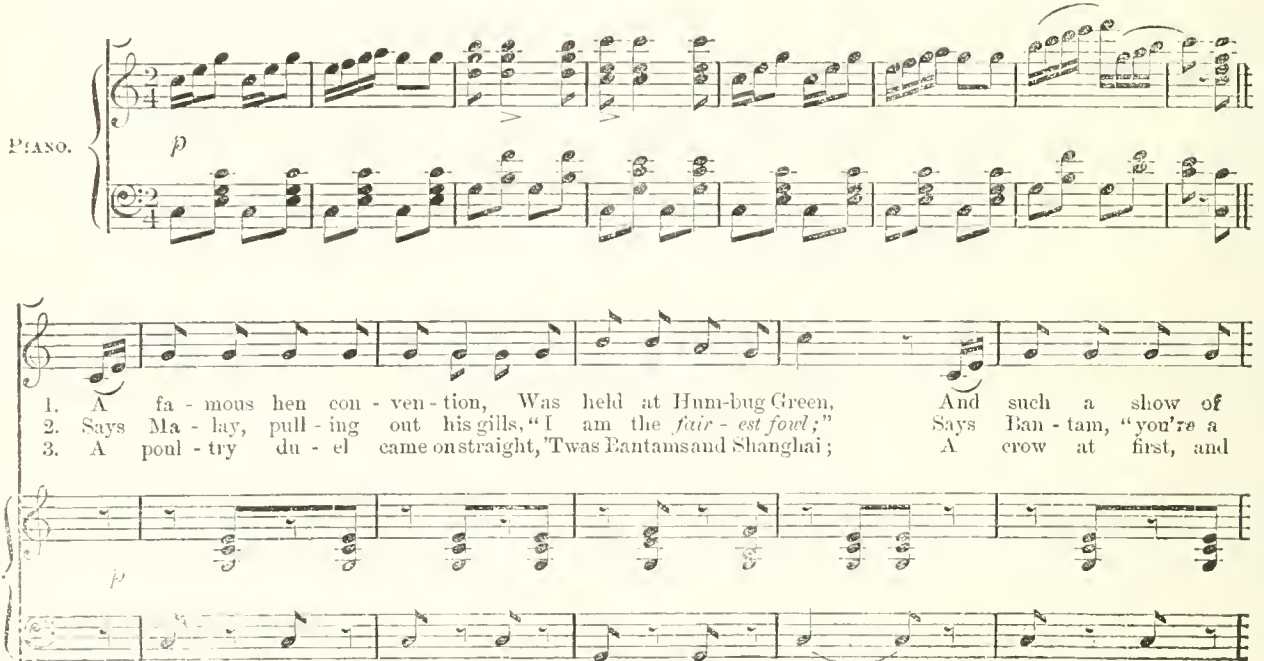
Oh! how sweet such kiss - es are, They are sweet - est far.

No. 6.

HEN CONVENTION.

SUNG BY G. S. BUCKLEY.

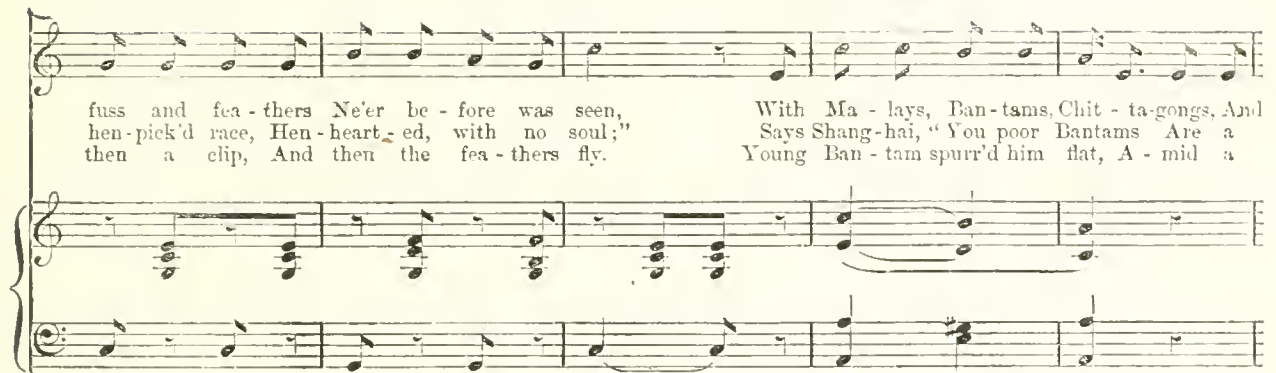
COMPOSED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.



PIANO. *p*

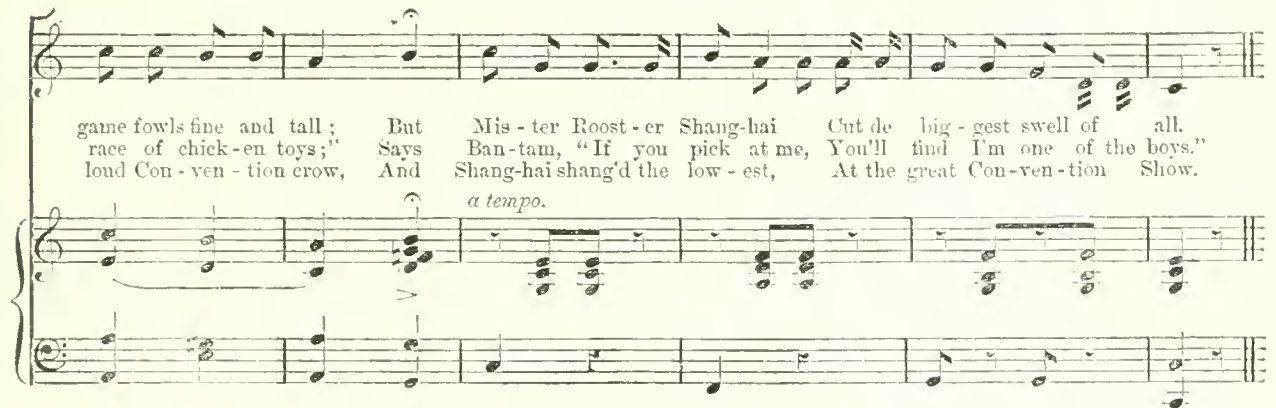
1. A fa - mous hen con - ven - tion, Was held at Hum-bug Green, And such a show of
 2. Says Ma - lay, pull - ing out his gills, "I am the fair - est fowl;" Says Ban - tam, "you're a
 3. A poul - try du - el came on straight, 'Twas Pantams and Shanghai; A crow at first, and

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS' POPULAR SONGS.

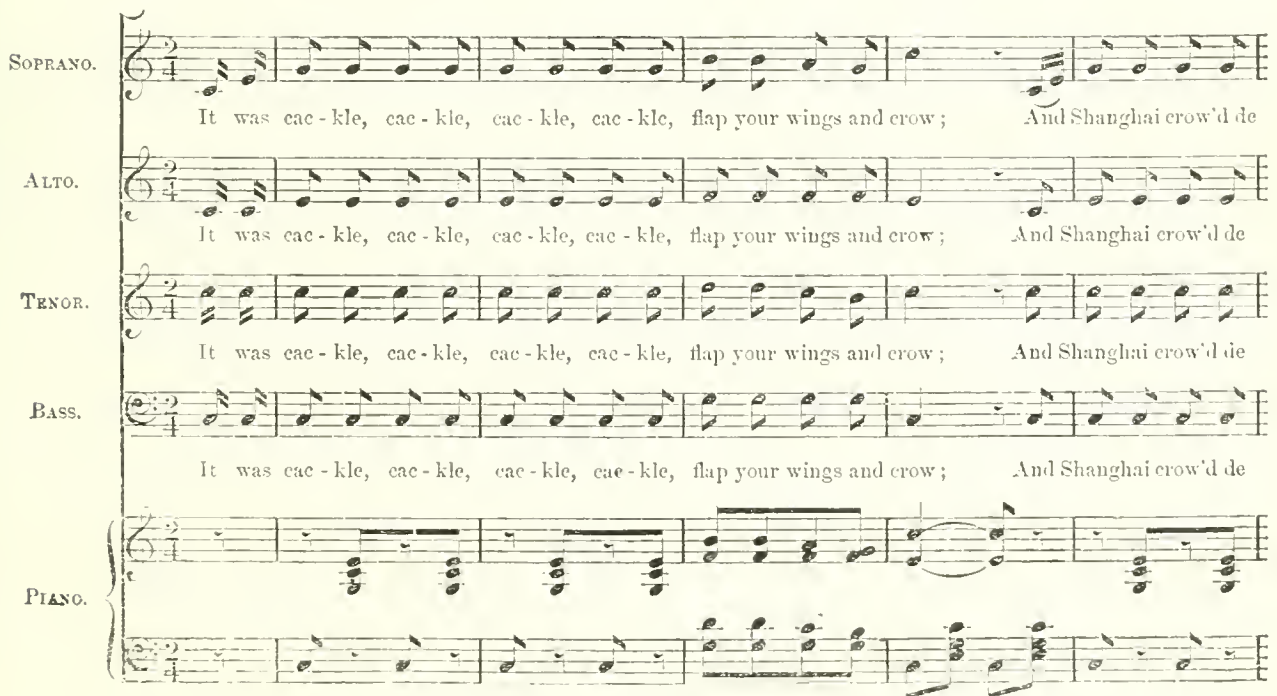


fuss and fea - thers Ne'er be - fore was seen,
hen-pick'd race, Hen-heart-ed, with no soul;"
then a clip, And then the fea - thers fly.

With Ma - lays, Ban - tams, Chit - ta-gongs, And
Says Shang-hai, "You poor Bantams Are a
Young Ban - tam spur'd him flat, A - mid a



game fowls fine and tall ; But Mis - ter Roost - er Shang-hai Cut de big - gest swell of all.
race of chick-en toys;" Says Ban-tam, "If you pick at me, You'll find I'm one of the boys."
loud Con - ven - tion crow, And Shang-hai shang'd the low - est, At the great Con-ven-tion Show.
a tempo.



SOPRANO.
It was cac - kle, cac - kle, cac - kle, cac - kle, flap your wings and crow ; And Shanghai crow'd de

ALTO.
It was cac - kle, cac - kle, cac - kle, cac - kle, flap your wings and crow ; And Shanghai crow'd de

TENOR.
It was cac - kle, cac - kle, cac - kle, cac - kle, flap your wings and crow ; And Shanghai crow'd de

BASS.
It was cac - kle, cac - kle, cac - kle, cac - kle, flap your wings and crow ; And Shanghai crow'd de

PIANO.
[Piano accompaniment for the third system]

pp staccato.

high - est at the great Con - ven - tion Show. Tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck,

high - est at the great Con - ven - tion Show. Tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck,

high - est at the great Con - ven - tion Show. Tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck,

high - est at the great Con - ven - tion Show. Tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck,

pp staccato.

f

tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, Cock-a-doo - dle doo. . .

tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, Cock-a-doo - dle doo. . .

tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, Cock-a-doo - dle doo. . .

tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, Cock-a-doo - dle doo. . .

f

f

No. 7. I'M TURNING GREY, DEAR KATE.

SUNG BY MR. BASQUIN.

COMPOSED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

VOICE.

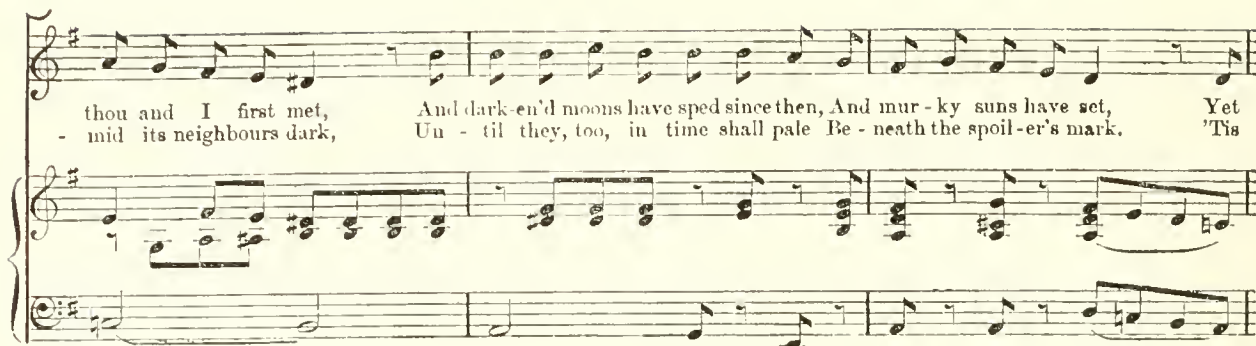
1. Time's
2. The

PIANO.

hand is e-venthere, sweet Kate, Yet let the sign re-main; It gives me no re-gret-ful throb, Nor
wife may view with un-con-cern, Time's sig-net on the brow, Who ne-ver gave the wear-er's heart A

should it yield thee pain. 'Tis ve-ry white, I grant thee, Kate, Yet pluck it not, I pray, Why
sin-gle throb of woe. And if an-gel-ic worth, sweet Kate, Might keep the churl at bay, Time

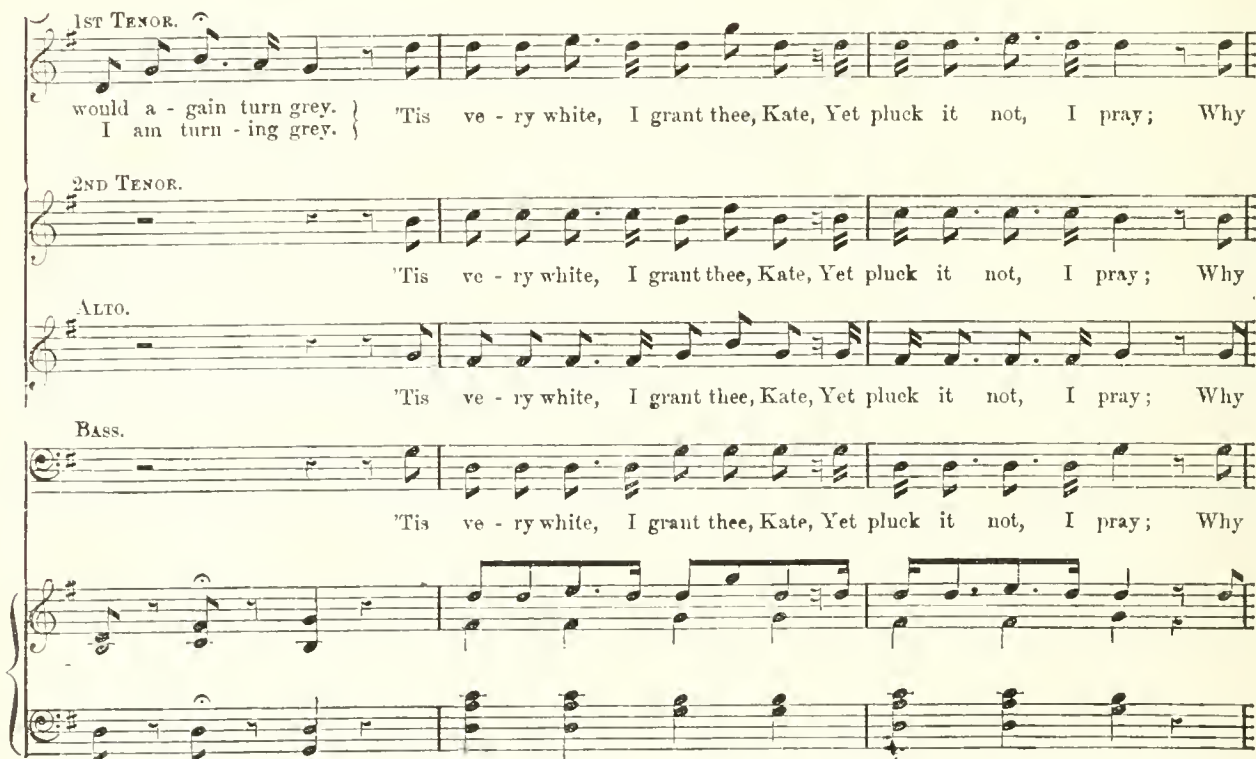
should thy lov-ing heart re-gret That I am turn-ing grey? Your clus-ters, Kate, have ta'en their flight, Since
ne'er had plac'd in tri-umph here His ban-ner-et of grey. Then let the stran-ger live, sweet Kate, A -



thou and I first met, And dark-en'd moons have sped since then, And mur-ky suns have set, Yet
- mid its neighbours dark, Un - til they, too, in time shall pale Be - neath the spoil-er's mark. 'Tis



light from that warm heart of thine Hath been a-round my way, And with so dear a guide and friend I
ve - ry white, I grant thee, Kate, Yet pluck it not, I pray; Why should thy lov-ing heart re-gret That



1ST TENOR.
would a - gain turn grey. } 'Tis ve - ry white, I grant thee, Kate, Yet pluck it not, I pray; Why
I am turn - ing grey. }

2ND TENOR.
'Tis ve - ry white, I grant thee, Kate, Yet pluck it not, I pray; Why

ALTO.
'Tis ve - ry white, I grant thee, Kate, Yet pluck it not, I pray; Why

BASS.
'Tis ve - ry white, I grant thee, Kate, Yet pluck it not, I pray; Why



should thy lov - ing heart re - gret That I am turn - - ing grey?

should thy lov - ing heart re - gret That I am turn - - ing grey?

should thy lov - ing heart re - gret That I am turn - - ing grey?

should thy lov - ing heart re - gret That I am turn - - ing grey?

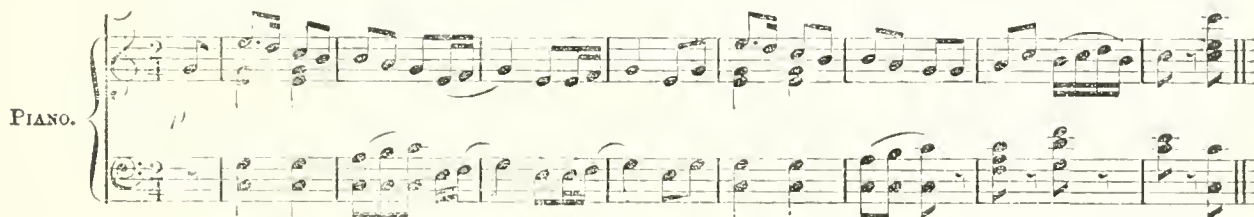
No. 8.

DE OLD WOOD PILE.

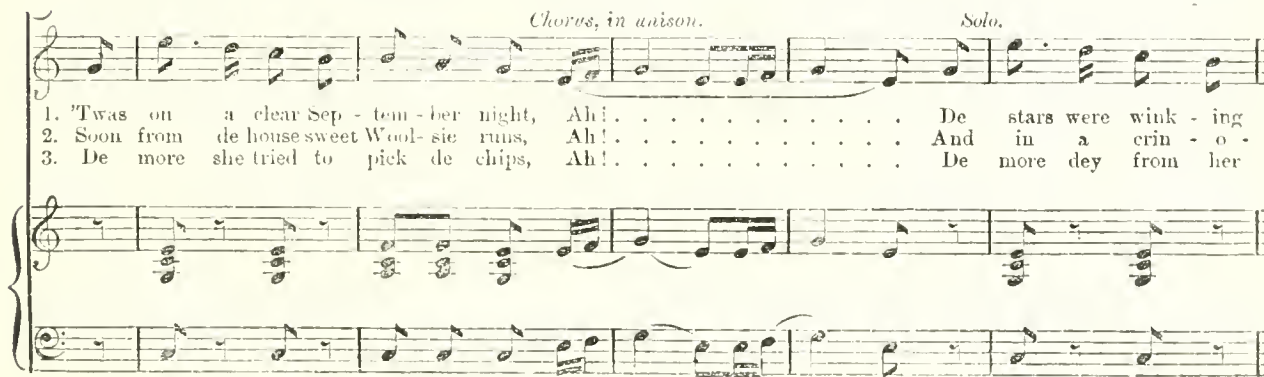
COMPOSED BY B. E. WOOLFE.

SUNG BY G. S. BUCKLEY.

WORDS BY S. S. STEBLE.



PIANO.



Chorus, in unison. *Solo.*

1. 'Twas on a clear Sep - tem - ber night, Ah! De stars were wink - ing
 2. Soon from de house sweet Wool - sic runs, Ah! And in a crin - o -
 3. De more she tried to pick de chips, Ah! De more dey from her

Chorus. *Solo to the end.*

love and light, Ah!
- line she comes, Ah!
fin - ger slips, Ah!

I thamb'd de ban - jo for a - while, By de
I'se just come to pick chips a - while, She
Be - cause she eyed me all de while, As

old plan - ta - tion's tall wood pile, By de old plan - ta - tion's tall wood pile, De tall wood pile.
whisper'd by de old wood pile, She whis-per'd by de old wood pile, De old wood pile.
I sat by de old wood pile, As I sat by de old wood pile, De old wood pile.

Soprano.

Ah! de old wood pile, Ah! de old wood

2ND Soprano.

Ah! de old wood pile, Ah! de old wood

Tenor.

Ah! de old wood pile, Ah! de old wood

Bass.

Ah! de old wood pile, Ah! de old wood

Piano.

pile, Oh! . . de old wood pile, Dat makes, dat makes de kit - chen smile, Wid

pile, Oh! de old wood pile, Dat makes, dat makes de kit - chen smile, Wid

pile, Oh! de old wood pile, Dat makes, dat makes de kit - chen smile, Wid

pile, Oh! de old wood pile, Dat makes, dat makes de kit - chen smile, Wid

love and light, By de fire so bright, From de old wood pile, Ah!

love had light, By de fire so bright, From de old wood pile, Ah!

love and light. By de fire so bright, From de old wood pile, Ah!

love and light, By de fire so bright, From de old wood pile, Ah!

No. 9. OH, GIVE ME FREEDOM EVER.

FROM THE BURLESQUE OF "TWO POMPEYS."

SUNG BY MISS JULIA GOULD.

COMPOSED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

Piano. *Lively.*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked 'Lively'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1. Oh, give me free - dom e - ver! A chain - less heart and hand - Slave of no jea - lous
 2. Let maids, to catch a lo - ver, Their bright - est smiles put on, Too soon they may dis -

The first system of the song shows the vocal melody in the treble staff and the piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part consists of chords and single notes in the bass line.

lo - ver, Nor husband's stern com-mand, To roam through hall and bow-er, With ho-nest smiles for
 - co - ver Their prize and hopes are gone; While wives, half bro - ken - hearted, To ty-rant husbands

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features more complex chordal textures and some melodic lines in the bass.

all, Slave to no sui - tor's pow-er, And hold-ing none in thrall. } Oh! . . . give me free - dom
 cling, Free-foot-ed and free-heart-ed, I laugh at care, and sing, }

The final system of the song shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part has a more active role with some melodic lines. The tempo marking 'tempo.' appears at the end of the system.

e - ver, A chain-less heart and hand— Slave of no jea - lous lov - er, Nor hus - band's stern com -

- mand. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la, la, la! To laugh at Cu - pid's

ar - che - ry, With heart for e - ver free. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Tra, la, la, la, - la, la! To laugh at Cu - pid's ar - che - ry, With heart for e - ver free.

No. 10.

I'VE BEEN ROAMING.

COMPOSED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

PIANO. *Lively.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in treble clef with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment in bass clef with chords and eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Lively'.

The piano introduction continues with the right hand playing a melody that includes some triplets, and the left hand providing a steady accompaniment with chords.

1. I've been roam-ing, roaming, o'er the prai-ries wild, Pluck-ing dew - y blos-soms,
 2. I've been roam-ing, roaming, through the wild-wood deep, Searching for the flow'r-ets,

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

hap - py as a child ; Cast - ing care and sad - ness ve - ry far a - way,
 when the prai-ries sleep ; In the ti - ny blos-soms, sway-ing to and fro,

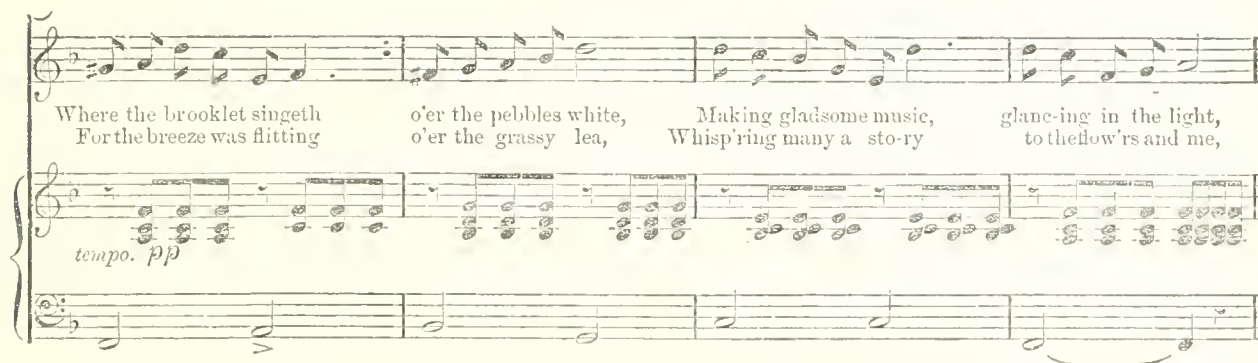
The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, with lyrics written below the vocal line.



For the earth re - joi - ces on this plea - sant day. I've been roam - ing, roam - ing,
Whisp'ring to each o - ther, ve - ry soft and low, I've been roam - ing, roam - ing,

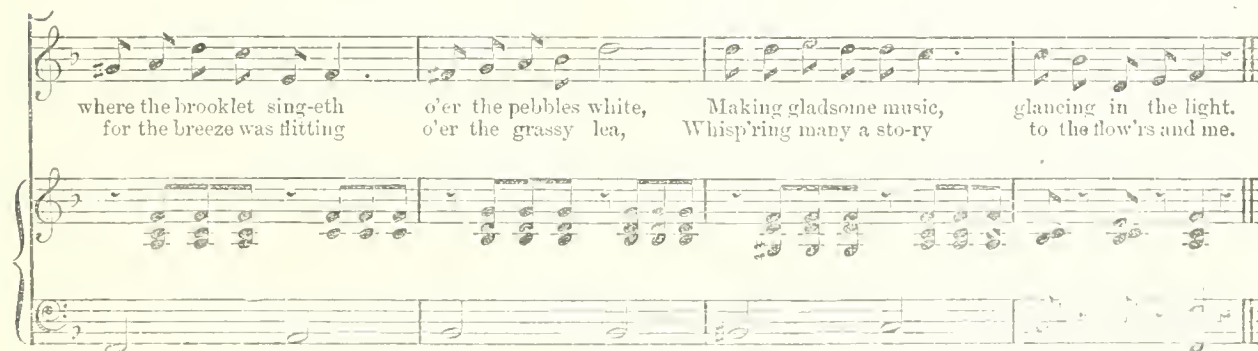


where the li - lies sleep, On the ti - ny lake-let, spark - ling, cool, and deep. . .
o'er the dew - y grass, Gem'd with fai - ry blos - oms, wav' - ring as I pass. . .



Where the brooklet singeth o'er the pebbles white, Making glad some music, glanc - ing in the light,
For the breeze was flitting o'er the grassy lea, Whisp'ring many a sto - ry to the flow'rs and me,

tempo. pp



where the brooklet sing - eth o'er the pebbles white, Making glad some music, glancing in the light.
for the breeze was flitting o'er the grassy lea, Whisp'ring many a sto - ry to the flow'rs and me.

No. 11.

CORNELIA COB.

SUNG BY G. S. BUCKLEY.

COMPOSED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

Rather slow.

PIANO. *p*

1. My heart am ten - der as de chick dat trys to crow, but can't ; I
 2. When first Cor - ne - lia struck my eye, 'twas in de mar - ket place, She
 3. I sought de cot - tage of dis maid, and found it up an al - ley, And

feel just like de wi-ther'd leaves Of de love - ly cab-bage plant, Be - cause I've ga - zed
 stood a - mid the noi - sy throng, Wid a smile up - on her face, I heard her voice float
 there I tried to speak my love, But my spi-rits would-n't ral - ly, Say's she, "you ug - ly

'pon de form of Miss Cor - ne - lia Cob ; And eb - er since dat fa - tal hour, I
 on de air, like mu - sic on de horn, So soft and low she spoke de words, "Hot
 nig - ger man, I'se got a - no - ther beau ; Go 'way, or else I'll smash your eye, I'se

SOPRANO.

smile no more, bnt sob.
corn, hot corn, hot corn."
mar-ried long a - go." } Oh! dis lub is like de sun-show'r, It falls on all a -

ALTO.

Oh! dis lub is like de sun-show'r, It falls on all a -

TENOR.

Oh! dis lub is like de sun-show'r, It falls on all a -

BASS.

Oh! dis lub is like de sun-show'r, It falls on all a -

- round, On de li - ly and de white rose, And de black bug on de ground.

- round, On de li - ly and de white rose, And de black bug on de ground.

- round, On de li - ly and de white rose, And de black bug on de ground.

- round, On de li - ly and de white rose, And de black bug on de ground.

No. 12. SOMEBODY'S COURTING SOMEBODY.

SUNG BY MISS JULIA GOULD, IN THE BURLESQUE OF "TWO POMPEYS."

COMPOSED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

To be sung in a playful style.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. The first system shows the piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The second system begins with the vocal melody in the treble staff, with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

1. Some - bo-dy's court - ing some-bo-dy,
 2. Pac - ing the o - cean's shore, . .
 3. No one sits up to wait, . .

Somewhere or o - ther to - night, . . Some-bo-dy's whisp'ring to somebody, Un - der the clear moon-
 Edg'd by the foam - ing rear, . . Words ne ver breath'd be - fore, . . Sounding so sweet to
 Though she is out so late, . . All know she's at the gate, . . Talk-ing, yes, talking with

light,
 some-bo-dy;
 some-bo-dy;
 Near the bright ri-ver's flow,
 Un - der the ma - - ple tree,
 Two, sit-ting side by side,
 Run-ning so still and slow,
 Dark though the sha - dow be,
 Float with the ebb - ing tide;

Talk - ing so soft and low, ... She sits with some - bo - dy.
 Plain e - nough they can see, ... Bright eyes has some - bo - dy.
 "Thus, dearest, may we glide Through life," says some - bo - dy.

Some - bo - dy's court - ing some - to - dy, Somewhere or o - ther to - night. .

Some - bo - dy's whisp'ring to some - bo - dy, Un - der the clear moonlight. . . . Un - der the clear moon -

- light.

No. 13.

PLANTATION WALK AROUND.

OH! WHOSE DAT FOOT A BURNING?

COMPOSED BY DAN EMMIT.

VOICE. *Solo.* *Chorus.*

1. De snow am in de cloud. Oh!
 2. Ob course I took my seat. Oh!
 3. De fire . . . got too hot, Oh!

PIANO. *p*

in unison. *Solo.*

whose dat foot a burn - ing? De wind does whis - tle loud, Oh!
 whose dat foot a burn - ing? An den stuck out my feet, Oh!
 whose dat foot a burn - ing? While 'fore it I did sot, Oh!

p

Chorus. *Solo.* *Chorus.*

whose dat foot a burn - ing? We'll round the fire . crowd.
 whose dat foot a burn - ing? To catch in all de heat. } Oh!
 whose dat foot a burn - ing? I fast a - sleep did got. }

Solo. *Chorus.*

whose dat foot a burn - ing? Dat foot did come, it told me so, A -

f

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS' POPULAR SONGS.

Chorus, to the end.

- way from old K. Y. Ky. Whose dat foot a burn - - ing? Oh!

whose dat foot, I say. Oh! whose dat foot a burn - - - ing? Oh!

take dat foot a - way. Oh! whose dat foot a burn - ing? Oh! whose dat foot, I

say! Dat foot did come, (It told me so,) A - way from old K. Y. Ky.

ff

DANCE.

f

Solo. *Chorus, in unison.* *Solo.*

4. De shoe be - giu to pinch, Oh! whose dat foot a burn-ing? Dis
 5. Some - bo - dy's foot must roast, Oh! whose dat foot a burn-ing? Some -
 6. De hide be - giu to peel, Oh! whose dat foot a burn-ing? 'Tis

Chorus. *Solo.* *Chorus.*

nig - gar neb - ber flinch, Oh! whose dat foot a burn-ing? I couldn't move an inch. }
 footas hot as toast, Oh! whose dat foot a buru-ing? I crack like hick'ry post. } Oh!
 mine! I gin to feel, Oh! whose dat foot a burn-ing? De fire at my heel. }

Solo. *Chorus.*

whose dat foot a burn-ing? Dat foot did come, (It told me so,) A - way from old K. Y. Ky.

No. 14.

THE SHEEP-WASHING DAY.

WORDS BY S. S. STEELE.

SUNG BY R. B. BUCKLEY.

COMPOSED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

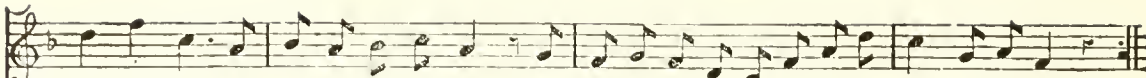
PIANO.

Allegro.

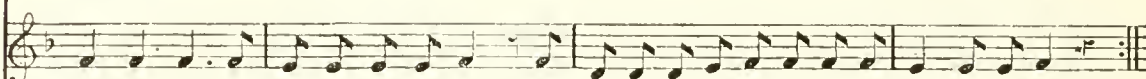
1. Hark! how de sheep - bells tin - gle, And old mas - sa's call - ing gay; Come,
2. Now souse dem in de rib - - ber—Splash goes de wa - ters high; How de
3. Now jump up from de rib - - - ber, De sun an gwine to roost; See, de

hur - ry to de pen, boys, 'Tis sheep - wash - ing day. Drive down your wool-y cat-tle, Where de
lit - tle mnt-tions shi - ver When dey see de old ones sigh. Bap - tize dat wool - y sin-ner, See, dat
sheep and nig - gers shi - ver Like a horse-fly in de frost. Dar's hoe - cake home a-bak-en, Our

ri - ver's roll - ing full, And wash dem 'till dere flee - ces Shine just like a nig - ger's wool.
old pug - na - cious sheep Butts Cæ - sar in the din - ner, He col - lap - ses in a heap.
sto-machs for to dry, And Di - nah's got a lit - tle drop Of whis - key on de sly.

SOPRANO. 

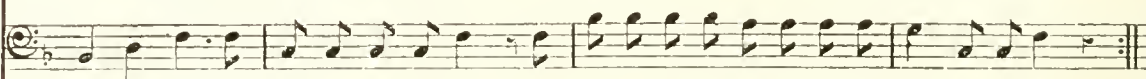
Bla, bla, ba, de bells all tin-gle gay, We dark-ies have a jol-ly time on sheepwashing day.

ALTO. 

Bla, bla, ba, de bells all tin-gle gay, We dark-ies have a jol-ly time on sheepwashing day.

TENOR. 

Bla, bla, ba, de bells all tin-gle gay, We dark-ies have a jol-ly time on sheepwashing day.

BASS. 

Bla, bla, ba, de bells all tin-gle gay, We dark-ies have a jol-ly time on sheepwashing day.

PIANO. 

No. 15.

GONE ARE THE DAYS.

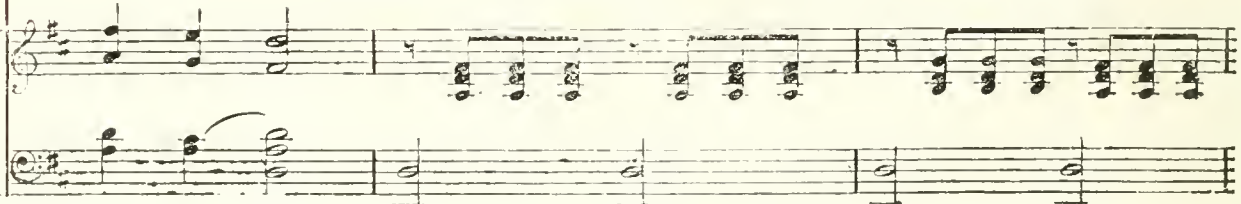
SUNG BY R. BISHOP BUCKLEY.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY S. C. FOSTER.

PIANO.  *Poco adagio.*



1. Gone	are	the days	When my heart was young and gay!
2. Why	do	I weep,	When my heart should feel no pain!
3. Where	are	the hearts	Once so hap - py and free!



Gone are my friends, From the cot-ton fields a-way— Gone from the earth To a
 Why do I sigh That my friends come not a-gain? Grief-ing for friends Now de-
 Chil-dren so dear, That I held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore Where my

bet-ter land, I know! I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."
 - part-ed long a-go! I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."
 soul as long to go! I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."

Chorus, after each verse.

SOPRANO. I'm com-ing, I'm coming, For my head is bending low, I hear those gentle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."

ALTO. I'm com-ing, I'm coming, For my head is bending low, I hear those gentle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."

BASS. I'm com-ing, I'm coming, For my head is bending low, I hear those gentle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe."

PIANO.

1ST TENOR.

all.
all.
time.
me.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Nig - gers from de

2ND TENOR.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Nig - gers from de

1ST BASS.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Nig - gers from de

2ND BASS.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Nig - gers from de

south, . . . Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Dey can - not shut dar mouth. . .

south, . . . Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Dey can - not shut dar mouth. . .

south, . . . Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Dey can - not shut dar mouth. . .

south, . . . Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Dey can - not shut dar mouth. . .

No. 17.

BONNY JEAN.

SUNG BY R. BISHOP BUCKLEY.

COMPOSED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

VOICE.

1. I've wan-der'd here, I've
2. And ne'er, beneath a

PIANO.

wan-der'd there, And many a bon-ny lass have seen, But where's the mai - den half so fair As
breast of snow, E'er dwelt a heart more kind, I ween, Than that which feels the friend - ly glow, With

Bal - ly - me - na's bon - ny Jean! To say she's like a blush - ing rose, Or
- in the breast of bon - ny Jean. And when her lo - ver tells his tale, Be

like the dew her glan - cing e'en, A faint i - de - a would dis - close of
- neath yon spread - ing haw - - thorn tree, May art - less truth and love pre - vail, And

all the charms of Bon-ny Jean. } To say she's like the blush-ing rose, Or like the dew her
win the heart of Bon-ny Jean.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

To say she's like the blush-ing rose, Or like the dew her

To say she's like the blush-ing rose, Or like the dew her

To say she's like the blush-ing rose, Or like the dew her

To say she's like the blush-ing rose, Or like the dew her

glan - cing een, A faint i - de - a would dis - close Of all the charms of Bon - ny Jean.

glan - cing een, A faint i - de - a would dis - close Of all the charms of Bon - ny Jean.

glan - cing een, A faint i - de - a would dis - close Of all the charms of Bon - ny Jean.

glan - cing een, A faint i - de - a would dis - close Of all the charms of Bon - ny Jean.

No. 18.

LAUGHING JENNIE.

COMPOSED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

Lively.

PIANO.

 The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a lively melody in treble clef with eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment in bass clef with chords and single notes.

1. Laugh-ing Jen-nie, mer-ry Jen-nie, Dar-ling Jen-nie Lee,
 2. In a lit-tle sim-ple cot-tage, Where the ro-ses twine,

rit. *pp*

 The first system shows the vocal melody on a single staff and the piano accompaniment on two staves. The tempo is marked 'Lively'. The second system begins with a 'rit.' (ritardando) and 'pp' (pianissimo) marking.

Oh! she is the sweet-est las-sie E-ver you did see; Eyes of bright-ness, brow of white-ness,
 Car-ing not for wealth or fash-ion, Dwells this las-sie mine. And I'll tell you-'tis a se-cret

 The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active bass line with eighth notes.

Teeth a-like the pearls; Oh! she is in-deed the fair-est, Of our vil-lage girls
 You should ne-ver tell— She should grace a prince-ly man-sion, Sure-ly just as well.

 The fourth system concludes the song with the final vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Nim-ble fin-gers e-ver bu-sy, I-dle-ness is wrong, Cheer-ing ev-ry love-ly mo-ment,
Ba-che-lor so lone and wea-ry, Why the sin-gle state? Groan-ing o-ver wo-man's weak-ness

p

With a plea-sant song. And the poor and nee-dy bless her; True and kind is she;
Fie-kle-ness, and fate, Hie thee to our qui-et vil-lage; Come and call on me,

Mak-ing all a-round her hap-py, Dar-ling Jen-nie Lee. } Laugh-ing Jen-nie, mer-ry Jen-nie,
And I'll give an in-tro-duc-tion To our Jen-nie Lee. }

Dar-ling Jen-nie Lee, Oh! she is the sweet-est Las-sie E-ver you did see.

rit.

No. 19.

THE BELLE OF TENNESSEE.

SUNG BY G. S. BUCKLEY.

ARRANGED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

PIANO. *p*

1. Now dar-kies do have pi-ty, And lis - ten un - to me, . . . I'll
2. You may talk a - bout Su - sa-nah, And your pret - ty Nau - cy Teal, . . . Your
3. But when I left dat hap - py spot, It griev'd my heart full sore, . . . To

tell you of a yal-low gal Dat lives in Ten-ne-see; . . . Her hair is dark and cur-ly, Her
Belle of Lou - is - a - na, And your pret - ty Lu - cy Neal; . . . But when you talk of Ro-sa, No
think of leav-ing her be-hind, Ne-ver to see her more; . . . De tears dey start-ed to my eyes, When

teeth are pear-ly white, . . . Her eyes dey spar-kle like de stars, Dey shine so bright at night. . . .
o - ther gal can shine, . . . For when you talk of beau - ty, She leaves them all be - hind. . . .
Ro - sa said to me, . . . "Now, dear-est Joe, don't leave me so, Way down in Ten - ne - see." . . .

SOPRANO. Oh! Ro - sa, dear-est Ro-sa, My heart still beats for thee, ... The on - ly yal - low

ALTO. Oh! Ro - sa, dear-est Ro-sa, My heart still beats for thee The on - ly yal - low

TENOR. Oh! Ro - sa, dear-est Ro-sa, My heart still beats for thee, ... The on - ly yal - low

BASS. Oh! Ro - sa, dear-est Ro-sa, My heart still beats for thee, ... The on - ly yal - low

PIANO.

gal I love Is Belle of Ten - ne - see. . . . Oh! Ro - sa, dear - est Ro - sa, My

gal I love Is Belle of Ten - ne - see. . . . Oh! Ro - sa, dear - est Ro - sa, My

gal I love Is Belle of Ten - ne - see. . . . Oh! Ro - sa, dear - est Ro - sa, My

gal I love Is Belle of Ten - ne - see. . . . Oh! Ro - sa, dear - est Ro - sa, My

PIANO.

heart still beats for thee, . . . The on - ly yal - low gal I love Is Belle of Ten - ne - see. . . .

heart still beats for thee, . . . The on - ly yal - low gal I love Is Belle of Ten - ne - see. . . .

heart still beats for thee, . . . The on - ly yal - low gal I love Is Belle of Ten - ne - see. . . .

heart still beats for thee, . . . The on - ly yal - low gal I love Is Belle of Ten - ne - see. . . .

No. 20.

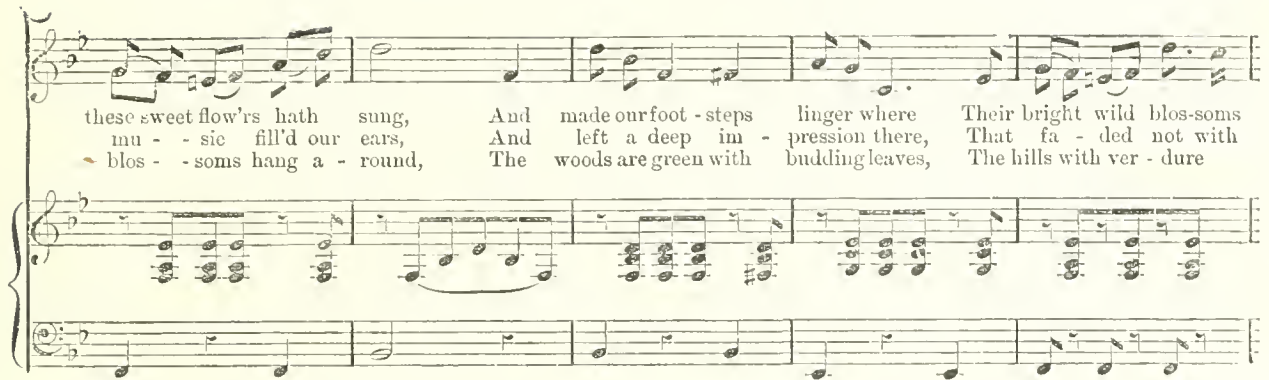
THE FLOWERS OF MAY.

COMPOSED BY FREDERICK BUCKLEY.

Moderato.

PIANO.

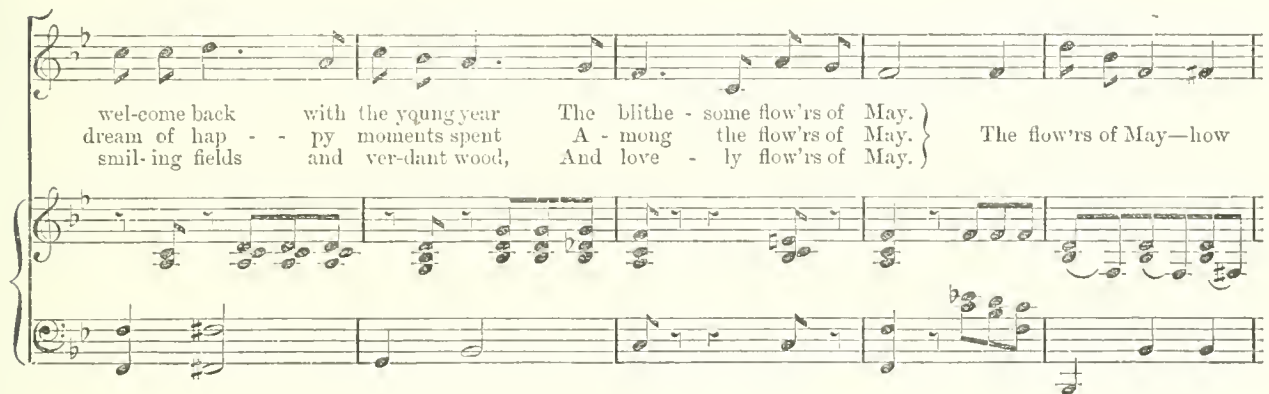
1. The flow'rs of May— how many a voice Of
 2. How oft we've sought them by the brook, Whose
 3. The Spring-time comes, the wild birds sing, The



these sweet flow'rs hath sung, And made our foot - steps linger where Their bright wild blos-soms
mu - sic fill'd our ears, And left a deep im - pression there, That fa - ded not with
blos - soms hang a - round, The woods are green with budding leaves, The hills with ver - dure



hung, A - way, a - mid the forest scenes, To hail the fes-tive day, And
years; And of-ten now we turn a - gain Un - to the ear-ly way, And
crown'd, But still we turn to that bright spot Where first our pleasures lay, To



wel-come back with the young year The blithe - some flow'rs of May. } The flow'rs of May—how
dream of hap - py moments spent A - mong the flow'rs of May. }
smil-ing fields and ver-dant wood, And love - ly flow'rs of May. }



many a voice Of these sweet flowers hath sung, And made our foot - steps lin - ger where Their

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS' POPULAR SONGS.

bright wild blos-soms hung. The flow'rs of May, ... The flow'rs of

ALTO.

The flow'rs of May,

TENOR.

The flow'rs of May,

BASS.

The flow'rs of May,

p

The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

May, ... The flow'rs of May, of May.

The flow'rs of May, May, of May.

The flow'rs of May, May, of May.

The flow'rs of May, May, of May.

ff

The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns as the first system, ending with a final chord.

FIFTH SELECTION.

No. 21. UNDER THE WILLOW SHE'S SLEEPING.

SUNG BY CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.

Andante moderato.

PIANO. *mp con. express.* *dim.* *ritard.* *pp tr*

1. Un - der the wil - low she's laid with care,
 2. Un - der the wil - low no songs are heard,
 3. Un - der the wil - low by night and day,

p a tempo.

(Sang a lone mo - ther while weep - ing),—
 Near where my dar - ling lies dream - ing;
 Sor - row - ing e - ver I pon - der;

Un - der the wil - low, with
 Nought but the voice of some
 Free from its sha - dow - y,

gold - en hair, My lit - tle one's qui - et - ly sleep - ing.
 far off bird, Where life and its plea - sures are beam - ing.
 gloom - y ray, Ah! ne - ver a - gain can she wan - der.

CHORUS. *mp* *p*

TREBLE. Fair, fair, and gold - en hair (Sang a lone mo - ther while weep - ing);

ALTO. Fair, fair, and gold - en hair (Sang a lone mo - ther while weep - ing);

TENOR. Fair, fair, and gold - en hair (Sang a lone mo - ther while weep - ing);

BASS. Fair, fair, and gold - en hair (Sang a lone mo - ther while weep - ing);

PIANO. *mp* *p*

p rit.

Fair, fair, and gold - en hair, Un - der the wil - low she's sleep - ing.

Fair, fair, and gold - en hair, Un - der the wil - low she's sleep - ing.

Fair, fair, and gold - en hair, Un - der the wil - low she's sleep - ing.

Fair, fair, and gold - en hair, Un - der the wil - low she's sleep - ing.

mf *p rit.*

mf a tempo.

Under the willow I breathe a pray'r,
 Longing to linger for ever,
 Near to my angel with golden hair,
 In lands where there's sorrowing never.
 CHORUS—Fair, fair, &c.

No. 22.

DIXEY'S LAND.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

f

ff PED. * PED. * PED. * *sf*

p CHORUS. *ff*

1. I wish I was in the land of cot-ton, Cin-na-mon seed, and san-dy bottom, To the
His face was sharp as a but-cher's clo-ver, But that not seem to grieve her, To the

p

p SOLO.

land, to the land, to the land, to the land; In Dix-ey's land where
land, to the land, to the land, to the land; Will ran a-way, Mis-sis

ff *p*

ff CHORUS.

I was born, Ear - ly on - one fros - ty morn. } To the land, to the sea
 took a de - cline, Her face was the col - our of ba - con rhine.

land, to the land, to the land; I wish I was in Dix - ey.

CHORUS. *ff* *p* *ff*

SOPRANO. *ff* *p* *ff*

Oh! In Dix - ey's land I'll take my stand, And live and die in Dix - ey; To the

ALTO. *ff* *p* *ff*

Oh! In Dix - ey's land I'll take my stand, And live and die in Dix - ey; To the

TENOR. *ff* *p* *ff*

Oh! In Dix - ey's land I'll take my stand, And live and die in Dix - ey; To the

BASS. *ff* *p* *ff*

Oh! In Dix - ey's land I'll take my stand, And live and die in Dix - ey; To the

PIANO. *ff* PED. * *p* *ff*

land, to the land ; A-way down South in Dix-ey ; To the land, to the land ; Away down South in Dix-ey.

land, to the land ; A-way down South in Dix-ey ; To the land, to the land ; Away down South in Dix-ey.

land, to the land ; A-way down South in Dix-ey ; To the land, to the land ; Away down South in Dix-ey.

land, to the land ; A-way down South in Dix-ey ; To the land, to the land ; Away down South in Dix-ey.

DANCE.

mf

mf

Sea.

p

While mis-us liv'd she liv'd in clover,
 When she died she died all over ;
 To the land, to the land, to the land, to the land ;
 How could she act such a foolish part,
 An' marry a man to break her heart ;
 To the land, to the land, to the land, to the land ;
 I wish I was in Dixey.

CHORUS—Oh! &c.

Buckwheat cakes are good strong batter,
 Make you fat, or a little fatter ;
 To the land, to the land, to the land, to the land ;
 Here's a health to next old missus,
 An' all the gals that want to kiss us ;
 To the land, to the land, to the land, to the land ;
 I wish I was in Dixey.

CHORUS—Oh! &c.

No. 23.

MINNIE CLYDE.

L. V. H. CROSBY.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf.* *dim.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in C major, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a half note F#4. The left hand plays a bass line with quarter notes G2, F#2, E2, D2, C2, and B1. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamics are 'mf.' and 'dim.'.

1. Oh! long I have sung of sweet Kit-ty Clyde, Who liv'd at the foot of the hill; And
 2. I think her eyes are bright - er than Kit-ty's, The dim-ple in her chin is deep - er, I would
 3. Oh! blest are the hearts that live in the cot, That stands at the foot of the hill; Oh!

p *cres.*

The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal line is in G major, with lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. Dynamics include 'p' (piano) and 'cres.' (crescendo).

tho' that sweet pret-ty bird has flown, A - no-ther is li - ving there still. She's
 be im - prison'd the rest of my life, With Min-nie Clyde for my keeper; In the
 sweet are the songs that e-cho in the glen, By the murmur of the moss - co-ver'd mill; The

p

The second system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The vocal line continues with lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. Dynamics include 'p' (piano).

blithe and gay as the ro-bin that sings, On the trees by the old mill - side; And if
 fes - tive throng she sings a sweet song, With the low - ly a-like she is meek; Her
 birds all chant their notes to Min - nie The an - gels a-bove have ca - ress'd her But

cres.

The third system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the third verse. The vocal line continues with lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. Dynamics include 'cres.' (crescendo).

e-ver I lov'd a girl in my life, 'Tis the charm - ing sweet Min-nie Clyde.
 eyes are the win - dows of her soul, Thro' which Min - nie's heart . would speak. } Oh!
 you have the an-gels, and you have the birds, And I'll have Kit - ty Clyde's sis - ter.

p *fz* *dim.*

Min-nie Clyde, she is my pride, And sure I am no jes - ter; For if

cres. *p*

e - ver I lov'd a girl in my life, 'Tis Min-nie, Kit - ty Clyde's sis - ter.

CHORUS. *mp* *cres.*

TREBLE. Oh! Min-nie Clyde, She is my pride, And since *cres.* I am no

ALTO. Oh! Min-nie Clyde, She is my pride, And since *cres.* I am no

TENOR. Oh! Min-nie Clyde, She is my pride, And since *cres.* I am no

BASS. Oh! Min-nie Clyde, She is my pride, And since I am no

PIANO. *mp* *cres.*

jest - er; For if e-ver I lov'd a girl in my life, 'Tis Min-nie, Kit-ty Clyde's sis - ter.
 jest - er; For if e-ver I lov'd a girl in my life, 'Tis Min-nie, Kit-ty Clyde's sis - ter.
 jest - er; For if e-ver I lov'd a girl in my life, 'Tis Min-nie, Kit-ty Clyde's sis - ter.
 jest - er; For if e-ver I lov'd a girl in my life, 'Tis Min-nie, Kit-ty Clyde's sis - ter.

p *mf* *dim.*

No. 24.

KEEMO KIMO.

SUNG BY P. H. KEENAN.

ARRANGED BY A. SEDGWICK.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

1. In South Car' - li - na de dar - kies go, Sing song Kit - ty can't yon ki' me, oh?
 2. Milk in de dai - ry nine days old, Sing song Kit - ty can't yon ki' me, oh?
 3. Dar was a frog liv'd in a pool, Sing song Kit - ty can't yon ki' me, oh?

p

Dats whar de white folks plant de tow, Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki' me, oh? Co-ver de ground all o-ver wid smoke,
 Frog and de skee-ter getting mighty bold, Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki' me, oh? Dey try for to sleep, but it ain't no use,
 Sure he was de big - gest fool, Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki' me, oh? For he could dance and he could sing,

Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki' me, oh? And up de dar-kies heads dey poke, Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki' me, oh?
 Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki' me, oh? Dere legs hang out for de chickens to roost, Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki' me, oh?
 Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki' me, oh? And make de woods a - round him ring, Sing song Kit-ty can't you ki' me, oh?

AFTER EACH VERSE.

Kee - mo ki' mo! dar! oh, whar? Wid my hi, my ho, and in come Sal - ly sing - ing

Some - times pen - ny win - kle, ling - tum, nip - eat, Sing song Kit - ty can't you ki' me, oh?

No. 25.

TILDA HORN.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *mf*

1. I was rais'd in Mis - sis - sip - pi, where the su - gar cane grows tall, And I lov'd a pret - ty yel - low girl, much
 2. While a - go I got a let - ter from her, thinking as I sat, If I met her, how she'd like me, in my

p

sweeter than them all; She left the place one moonlight night, we sorrow'd much to part, No to - ken did she leave me, but her
 sty - lish Kos-suth hat; 'Twas the last I heard a - bout her, and since then I'm much in dread, That she's married to an - o - ther man, or

rallentando.

pie - ture on my heart. And I moan, and I groan, All a - lone, all a - lone.
 e - she must gone dead, In de - spair, I de - clare, I is crack'd, that's a fact.

CHORUS. *Lively.*

TREBLE. But fret-ting wont do for a dar-key of this fig-ger, Time e-nough for that when he

ALTO. But fret-ting wont do for a dar-key of this fig-ger, Time e-nough for that when he

TENOR. But fret-ting wont do for a dar-key of this fig-ger, Time e-nough for that when he

BASS. But fret-ting wont do for a dar-key of this fig-ger, Time e-nough for that when he

PIANO. *mf Lively.*

gets a lit-tle big-ger; Dancing with the yel-low girls, and chucking out the corn, Will make him for-get Til-da Horn.

gets a lit-tle big-ger; Dancing with the yel-low girls, and chucking out the corn, Will make him for-get Til-da Horn.

gets a lit-tle big-ger; Dancing with the yel-low girls, and chucking out the corn, Will make him for-get Til-da Horn.

gets a lit-tle big-ger; Dancing with the yel-low girls, and chucking out the corn, Will make him for-get Til-da Horn.

mf

Now I go about like a
Like Massa Shakespeare's Hamlet too, I'm touch'd up here I feel;
His uncle gave him good advice, mine took my clothes in pawn,
And all to raise the cash to dress deceitful Tilda Horn.

Oh! this wool I cou'd pull,
This poor heart is so full.
But fretting, &c.

Since the Shakespeare's coming in my head, I'm like Othello too,
The victim of my jealous fears, I don't know what to do;
Desdemona lost her handkerchief, that wasn't much to lose,
But Tilda to I, my 'baccaboy, my chis and sundry toys.
Now I pray all the day,
From the gay far away
But fretting, &c.

No. 26.

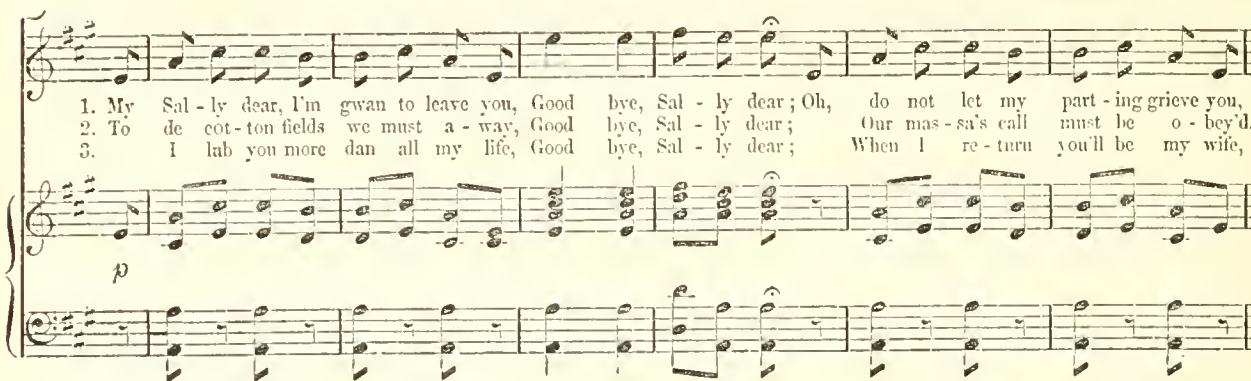
GOOD BYE, SALLY DEAR!

WORDS BY SAM WELLS.

MUSIC BY F. HOWARD.

Allegro con anima.

PIANO.



1. My Sal - ly dear, I'm gwan to leave you, Good bye, Sal - ly dear; Oh, do not let my part - ing grieve you,
2. To de cot - ton fields we must a - way, Good bye, Sal - ly dear; Our mas - sa's call must be o - bey'd,
3. I lab you more dan all my life, Good bye, Sal - ly dear; When I re - turn you'll be my wife,



Good bye, Sal - ly dear. For since dear Sal - ly we must part, Do not let it
 Good bye, Sal - ly dear. We go to pick de corn so nice, And gadder in de
 Good bye, Sal - ly dear. Be - fore I go I'll take one kiss, I don't tink dat



break your heart, Al - tho' I'm go - ing far a - way, I'll re - turn a - no - der day.
 erops of rice, Whar all de nig - gars am a hoeing, And de cotton pods are grow - ing.
 will be a - miss, You are my charm - ing lit - tle Sal, My pret - ty lit - tle colour'd gal.

CHORUS. *f*

TREBLE. Then cheer up, my Sal - ly, do, Tho' I'm far off, my heart is true, And *p*

ALTO. Then cheer up, my Sal - ly, do, Tho' I'm far off, my heart is true, And *p*

TENOR. Then cheer up, my Sal - ly, do, Tho' I'm far off, my heart is true, And *p*

BASS. Then cheer up, my Sal - ly, do, Tho' I'm far off, my heart is true, And *p*

PIANO. *f* *p*

f

I must bid you now a-dieu, Good - bye, Sal - ly dear.

f

I must bid you now a-dieu, Good - bye, Sal - ly dear.

f

I must bid you now a-dieu, Good - bye, Sal - ly dear.

f

I must bid you now a-dieu, Good - bye, Sal - ly dear.

f *mf*

No. 27.

THE OLD CABIN HOME.

T. PAINE.

PLANO.

mp

1. I am go - ing far a-way, far a - way to leave you now, To the
 2. I am go-ing to leave thisland, with . . this our dar - key band . . . To

p

Mis - sis - sip - pi riv - er I am go - ing; I will take my old ban - jo, And I'll
 trav - el all the wide . . world o - ver; And when I get tired, I will

sing this lit - tle song, A - way down in my old Ca - bin Home.
 set - tle down to rest, A - way down in my old Ca - bin Home.

CHORUS.

TREBLE. Here is my old Ca-bin Home, . . Here is my sis-ter and my brother,

ALTO. Here is my old Ca-bin Home, . . Here is my sis-ter and my brother,

TENOR. Here is my old Ca-bin Home, . . Here is my sis-ter and my brother,

BASS. Here is my old Ca-bin Home, . . Here is my sis-ter and my brother,

PIANO.

Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its mo-ther.

Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its mo-ther.

Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its mo-ther.

Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its mo-ther.

When old age comes on us,
And my hair is turning gray,
I will hang up the banjo all alone;
I'll set down by the fire,
And I'll pass the time away,
Away down in my old cabin home.
Here is my old, &c.

'Tis there where I roam,
Away down on the old farm,
Where all the darkeys an tree;
O merrily sound the banjo
For de white folks round de room,
Away down in my old cabin home.
Here is my old, &c.

No. 28. TWINKLING STARS ARE LAUGHING, LOVE.

POETRY AND MUSIC BY J. P. ORDWAY.

Andante moderato.
p dolce. *cres.* *rall.*

PLANO.

1. Twink - ling stars are laughing, love, Laughing on you and me;
 2. Gol - den beams are shin - ing, love, Shin - ing on you to bless;

legato e delicato.

While your bright eyes look in mine, . . . Peep - ing stars they seem to be.
 Like the Queen of Night you fill . . . Dark - est space with love - li - ness.

cres - cen - do. dim in - u - en - do.

Trou - bles come and go, love, Brightest scenes must leave our sight;
 Sil - ver stars, how bright, love, Mo - ther moon in throne - ly night,

But the star of hope, love, Shines with ra - - diant beams to - night.
 Gaze on us to bless, love, Pur - est vows here made to - night.

1st SOPRANO.
Twink - ling stars are laugh - ing, love, Laughing on you and me;

2ND SOPRANO.
Twink - ling stars are laugh - ing, love, Laughing on you and me;

TENOR.
Twink - ling stars are laugh - ing, love, Laughing on you and me;

BASS.
Twink - ling stars are laugh - ing, love, Laughing on you and me;

legato e delicato.

While your bright eyes look in mine, . . Peep - ing stars they seem to be.

While your bright eyes look in mine, . . Peep - ing stars they seem to be.

While your bright eyes look in mine, . . Peep - ing stars they seem to be.

While your bright eyes look in mine, . . Peep - ing stars they seem to be.

cres - - - - - cu - - - - - do, dim - - - - - u - - - - - en - - - - - do.

dolce e legato.

cres.

rall.

No. 29. DOWN THE RIVER, DOWN THE OHIO.

Andante moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

 The piano introduction is in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Andante moderato' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

1. Oh! the ri - ver is up, and the
2. Oh! the mas - sa is proud of the

FINE. *p*

 This section contains the first vocal entry with two verses. The melody is simple and catchy. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. The tempo remains 'Andante moderato'.

chan - nel is deep, And the wind blows stea - dy and strong, Let the splash of your oars the
old broad-horn, For it brings him a plen - ty of tin, Oh! the crew they is dar - kies, the

 This section continues the song with a second vocal entry. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with eighth notes. The tempo remains 'Andante moderato'.

mea - sure keep As we row the old boat a - long; Oh! the wa - ter is bright; and flash - ing like gold, In the
ear - go is corn, And the mo - ney comes tumb - ling in; There is plen - ty on board for de dar - kies to eat, And der's

 This section contains the third vocal entry. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent eighth-note pattern in the bass. The tempo remains 'Andante moderato'.

rays of the morn - ing sun, And old Di - nah's up a - way out of the cold, And get-ting the hoe - cake
something to drink and to smoke, Der's the ban-jo, the bones, and the tam - bou-rine, Der's the song and the co - mic

done. } Oh! the ri - ver is up and the chan-nel is deep, And the wind blows stea-dy and strong; Let the
joke. }

splash of your oars the mea - sure keep, As we row the old boat a - long.

CHORUS.

TREBLE. Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o; Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver,

ALTO. Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o; Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver,

TENOR. Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o; Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver,

BASS. Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o; Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver,

PIANO. *mf* *Secs.*

Down the O - hi - o; Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o;

Down the O - hi - o; Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o;

Down the O - hi - o; Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o;

Down the O - hi - o; Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o;

The piano accompaniment for the first system features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o. . . .

Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o. . . .

Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o. . . .

Down the ri - ver, down the ri - ver, Down the O - hi - o. . . .

Sea.

The piano accompaniment for the second system continues the melody and bass line, ending with a final chord and a repeat sign.

No. 30.

HAPPY ARE WE TO-NIGHT.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY M. S. PIKE.

ARRANGED BY J. P. ORDWAY.

Andante moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G major, 6/8 time, starting with a half note G, followed by eighth notes A-B, C-D, E-F, G-A, B-A, G-F, E-D, C-B, A-G. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes, starting with G-A, B-A, G-F, E-D, C-B, A-G, F-E, D-C, B-A, G-F, E-D, C-B, A-G.

The vocal melody line for the first part of the song, in G major, 6/8 time. It begins with a half note G, followed by eighth notes A-B, C-D, E-F, G-A, B-A, G-F, E-D, C-B, A-G.

- | | | |
|------------------------------|-------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Hap-py are we to - night, | boys, | Hap-py, hap-py are we; . . . Tho |
| 2. Ma-ny will be the mile, | boys, | Ma-ny, ma-ny the mile, . . . That |
| 3. Wea-ry we may re - turn, | boys, | Wea-ry, wea-ry at last; . . . But |

p

The piano accompaniment for the first part of the song, in G major, 6/8 time. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

The vocal melody line for the second part of the song, in G major, 6/8 time. It continues the melody from the first part.

hearts that we de-light, boys, With us may happy be. . . Friends should laugh with those who laugh, And
we shall rove and smile, boys, With friends we ne'er be-guile. . . The voi-ces we have of-ten heard, And
mem-o-ry will learn, boys, To love the happy past. . . Age may bring us gloom-y hours, And

The piano accompaniment for the second part of the song, in G major, 6/8 time. It continues the accompaniment from the first part.

The vocal melody line for the third part of the song, in G major, 6/8 time. It continues the melody from the second part.

sigh for those in pain; . . . The most of us have met be-fore, And now we meet a-gain. . .
fa-cies we have met, . . . Like tones of sweet-est mel-o-dy We ne-ver can for-get. . .
time may make us sad, . . . But we, to-night, are free from care, And all our hearts are glad. . .

The piano accompaniment for the third part of the song, in G major, 6/8 time. It continues the accompaniment from the second part.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS' POPULAR SONGS.

Hap-py are we to - night, boys, Happy, hap-py are we; . . . The hearts that we de - light, boys, With

us may hap-py be. . . Sea. . .

No 31.

ELLA REE.

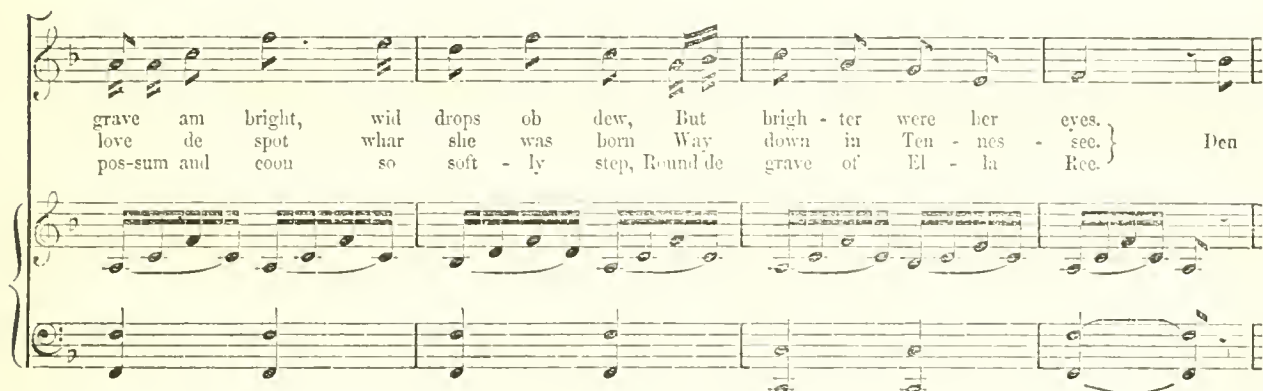
WORDS BY C. E. STEUART.

MUSIC BY JAMES W. PORTER.

Andante con espressione.
PIANO. *p*



1. Oh, El - la Ree, so kind and true, In the lit - tle church-yard lies. Her
 2. Her pret - ty eyes and gen - tle form, Me - thinks I yet can see, I
 3. De sum - mer moon will rise and set, And de night - birds thrill der lay And de



grave am bright, wid drops ob dew, But brigh - ter were her eyes. } Den
 love de spot whar she was born Way down in Ten - nes - see. }
 pos-sum and coun so soft - ly step, Round de grave of El - la Ree. }



car - ry me back to Ten - nes - see, Dar let me live and die, A -



- mong de fields ob yal - ler corn, And de land whar El - la lie.

CHORUS.

1ST
SOPRANO.

2ND
SOPRANO.

TENOR.

BASS.

PIANO.

mp

Car-ry me back to Ten - nes - see, Dar let me lib and die, A -

Car-ry me back to Ten - nes - see, Dar let me lib and die, A

Car-ry me back to Ten - nes - see, Dar let me lib and die, A -

Car-ry me back to Ten - nes - see, Dar let me lib and die, A -

- mong de fields ob yal - ler corn, And de land whar El - la lie.

- mong de fields ob yal - ler corn, And de land whar El - la lie.

- mong de fields ob yal - ler corn, And de land whar El - la lie.

- mong de fields ob yal - ler corn, And de land whar El - la lie.

No. 32.

WHERE HAS LULA GONE?

POETRY AND MUSIC BY S. C. FOSTER.

Moderato.

PIANO. *p*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1. Lit - tle voi - ces laugh - ing free, Laugh - ing on the lawn, Tell me, can you an - swer me, —
 2. She has left the sun - ny hills, In their blush - ing bloom, She has left the run - ning rills,
 3. Sum - mer days have come and gone, Star - ry nights have pass'd; Ma - ny dreams of hope have flown

The first system shows the vocal melody for three verses and the piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

Where has Lu - la gone? Where is that mer - ry form, E - ver on the move,
 Gush - ing round her home; Far in some dis - tant land She may yet be seen,
 Since I saw her last; Roam - ing in rap - ture wild On the moun - tain side,

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the same accompaniment pattern as the first system.

Glan - cing thro' calm and storm Liv - ing beams of love? Soft rays of mel - low light
 Lead - ing a fai - ry band Like a fai - ry queen. Far, far my long - ing heart
 Smi - ling when ro - ses smil'd, Sigh - ing when they died; Wild as the ho - nev bee,

The third system concludes the song with the final vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active accompaniment in the right hand, including some sixteenth-note passages.

From her eyes were thrown, And her smiles were sum-mer bright;—Where has Lu-la gone?
On her path has flown, Yet no an-swer can im-part;—Where has Lu-la gone?
Gen-tle as the fawn, Fair-er than the dawn was she;—Where has Lu-la gone?

ritard.

tempo.

No. 33.

THE VILLAGE MAIDEN.

POETRY AND MUSIC BY S. C. FOSTER.

Moderato.

PIANO. *p*

1. The vil-lage bells are ring-ing, And
2. But sum-mer joys have fad-ed, And
3. The vil-lage bells are ring-ing, But

mer - ri - ly they chime, The vil - lage choir is sing - ing, For 'tis a hap - py time; The
 sm-mer hopes have flown, Her brow with grief is shad - ed, Her hap - py smiles are gone; Yet
 hark! how sad and slow— The vil - lage choir is sing - ing A re-qui-em soft and low; And

cha - pel walls are la - - den With gar - lands rich and gay, To greet the vil - lage
 why her heart is la - - den, Not one, a - las! ean say, Who saw the vil - lage
 all with sor - row la - - den, Their tear - ful tri - bute pay, Who saw the vil - lage

mai - - den Up - on her wed - ding day.
 mai - - den Up - on her wed - ding day.
 mai - - den Up - on her wed - ding day.

mf

No. 34.

I SEE HER STILL IN MY DREAMS.

POETRY AND MUSIC BY S. C. FOSTER.

PIANO.

Moderato.
p

1. While the flow'rs bloom in glad-ness and springbirds rejoice, There's a void in our household of one gentle voice; The
 2. Though her voice, once fa-mil-iar, hath gone from the day, And her smiles from the sunlight have fad-ed a-way, Tho' I



form of a lov'd one hath pass'd from the light, But the sound of her foot-fall re- turns with the night. } For I
 wake to a scene now de- sert - ed and bleak, In my vi- sions I find the lost form that I seek. }



see her still in my dreams, I see her still in my dreams, Tho' her smiles have de-

p

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff in G major, 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment, and the left hand plays a similar pattern. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

- part - ed from the meadows and the streams. I see her still in my dreams, . . . I

Sea. -----

This system continues the song. The vocal melody ends with a long note on 'I'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same pattern. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

see her still in my dreams, Tho' her smiles have de - part - ed from the meadows and the

Sea. -----

This system continues the song. The vocal melody ends with a long note on 'the'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same pattern. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

streams.

mp

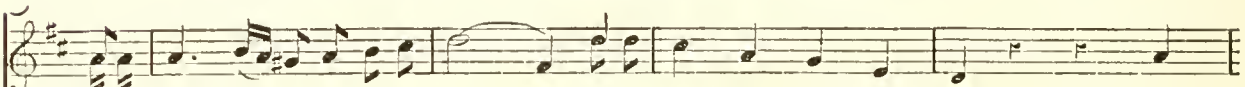
This system concludes the song. The vocal melody is a single note on 'streams.' followed by a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same pattern. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

No. 35. STOP THAT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY A. F. WINNEMORE

Moderato.

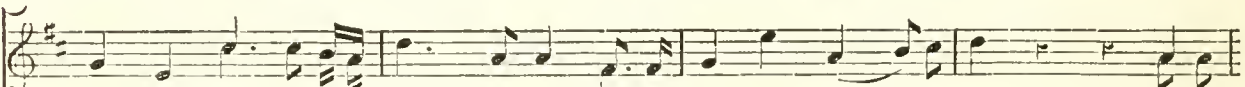
PIANO.



1. I once did lub a colour'd gal, . . . Whose name was Su - zy Brown ; She
 2. She was tne prettiest yal-ler gal . . . That e - ber I did see ; She
 3. Oh, de first one dat cum in de room, . . . Was a dar - key dress'd to death ; He



came from old Vir - gin - ny, She was de fair - est in de town. Her
 ne - ver would go walk - ing, Wid a - ny co - lour'd man but me. And
 look'd just like de show - man, What dey used to call Mack - beth. He



eyes so bright dey shine at night, When de moon am gone . a - way, She
 when I took my ban - - jo down, And play'd three tunes . or more, All at
 said he was a Ca-li - for - - ni man, An just ar - riv'd . on shore, I ax



used to call this dar-key up . . . Just a - fore de broke of day;— Wid a
 once I heard three pret-ty hard raps, Come bang a - gain my door;— Wid a
 him whare-fore he come an rap, . . . So hard a - gainst my door;— Wid a

who dar? who dar? who dar? An a who dar a knocking at my door? Am

SPOKEN.
 Why, Sam!

dat you Sam? Am dat you Sam? No you bet - ter stop dat knock-ing at my

SPOKEN.
 Ain't you gwan
 to let me in?

By Bass Voice.

door. Let me in. Stop that knocking. Let me in. Stop that knocking. Let me in.

DUET.

SOPRANO. Oh! you bet - ter stop that knock - ing at the door. Stop that

BASS. Oh! I'll ne - ver stop that knock - ing at the door. Let me in.

PIANO. *p*

knocking. Stop that knocking. Oh! you bet - ter stop that knocking at the door.

Let me in. Let me in. No! I'll nev - er stop that knocking at the door.

CHORUS. *f*

1ST SOPRANO. *f* Stop that knock-ing, stop that knock-ing, stop that knock - ing, stop that knock-ing,—Oh! you

2ND SOPRANO. *f* Stop that knock-ing, stop that knock-ing, stop that knock - ing, stop that knock-ing,—Oh! you

TENOR. *f* Stop that knock-ing, stop that knock-ing, stop that knock - ing, stop that knock-ing,—Oh! you

BASS. *f* Stop that knock-ing, stop that knock-ing, stop that knock - ing, stop that knock-ing,—No! I'll

PIANO. *f*

bet-ter stop that knock-ing at my door. Stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking, Oh! you

bet-ter stop that knock-ing at my door. Stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking, Oh! you

bet-ter stop that knock-ing at my door. Stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking, Oh! you

ne-ver stop that knock-ing at your door. Let me in. Stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking, stop that knocking, No! I'll

bet-ter stop that knocking at my door.

bet-ter stop that knocking at my door.

bet-ter stop that knocking at my door.

ne-ver stop that knocking at your door.

bet-ter stop that knocking at my door.

bet-ter stop that knocking at my door.

bet-ter stop that knocking at my door.

ne-ver stop that knocking at your door.

No. 36.

THE OLD PINE TREE.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY CHARLES WHITE

PIANO. *mp*

1. Oh! dar - kies now I'm gown to sing, Be truth to you I'll tell, Ob hap - py days dat
 2. My lub has left me long a - go Whar she is no one can tell, An I am near - ly
 3. I quite for - got I was so old, It seems to me a dream, Dat three score years hab

I hab seen, Wid my dear Nan - cy Bell. Oh! I wish dat I was back a - gain, Way
 cra - zy now For my dear Nan - cy Bell. But I dreamt last night, when all was still, Dat
 past and gone Since I was se - ven - teen. But ev' - ry - thing is right at last, An

down in Ten - ne - see, Wid my dear Nan - cy by my side, Be - neath de old pine tree.
 she'd come back to me, An I would yet see hap - py days, Be - neath de old pine tree.
 Nan - cy is true to me, An when we die, oh! let us rest, Be - neath de old pine tree.

Cadence

TREBLE. *Ma - ny a night since first we met, 'Neath dat old pine tree; An*

ALTO. *'Tis ma - ny a night since first we met, 'Neath dat old pine tree; An*

TENOR. *'Tis ma - ny a night since first we met, 'Neath dat old pine tree; An*

BASS. *'Tis ma - ny a night since first we met, 'Neath dat old pine tree; An*

PIANO.

dar we told our tales ob lub, How hap - py we shall be.

dar we told our tales ob lub, How hap - py we shall be.

dar we told our tales ob lub, How hap - py we shall be.

dar we told our tales ob lub, How hap - py we shall be.

PIANO.

mf

PIANO.

No. 37.

THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *mf*

1. There's a yel - low rose in Tex - as That I am going to see, No
 2. Where the Ri - o Grande is flow - ing, And the star - ry skies are bright, She
 3. Oh! now I'm go - ing to find her, For my heart is full of woe, And we'll

p

o - ther dark - ey knows her, No dark - ey, on - ly me; She cried so when I left her, It
 walks a - long the ri - ver, In the qui - et sum - mer night; She thinks, if I re - mem - ber, When we
 sing the song to - ge - ther, That we sung so long a - go; We'll play the ban - jo gai - ly, And we'll

like to broke my heart, And if I e - ver find her, We ne - ver more will part.
 part - ed long a - go, I pro - mis'd to come back a - gain, And not to leave her so.
 sing the songs of yore, And the yel - low rose of Tex - as Shall be mine for e - ver - more.

CHORUS.

TREBLE. She's the sweetest rose of co-lour This darkey e-ver knew, Her eyes are bright as diamonds, They sparkle like the dew; You may

ALTO. She's the sweetest rose of co-lour This darkey e-ver knew, Her eyes are bright as diamonds, They sparkle like the dew; You may

TENOR. She's the sweetest rose of co-lour This darkey e-ver knew, Her eyes are bright as diamonds, They sparkle like the dew; You may

BASS. She's the sweetest rose of co-lour This darkey e-ver knew, Her eyes are bright as diamonds, They sparkle like the dew; You may

PIANO. *p staccato.*

talk about your dearest May, And sing of Ro-sa Lee, But the yel-low rose of Tex-as Beats the belles of Tennessee.

talk about your dearest May, And sing of Ro-sa Lee, But the yel-low rose of Tex-as Beats the belles of Tennessee.

talk about your dearest May, And sing of Ro-sa Lee, But the yel-low rose of Tex-as Beats the belles of Tennessee.

talk about your dearest May, And sing of Ro-sa Lee, But the yel-low rose of Tex-as Beats the belles of Tennessee.

mf

No. 38.

ON OLD POTOMAC'S SHORE.

G. F. WURZEL.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mp*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a half rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a half note A4, and a quarter note B4. The left staff is in bass clef and begins with a half rest, followed by a quarter note G2, a half note A2, and a quarter note B2. The tempo marking 'Moderato' is above the right staff, and the dynamic marking 'mp' is below the left staff.

1. I'm grow-ing old and wea-ry now, But, oh! how sweet to me The
 2. How oft these a-ged arms have borne, Old mas-sa's chil-dren dear! I
 3. I sit and watch the love-ly fields, That look so green and fair, And

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef and the left staff is in bass clef. The music is in one sharp (F#) and common time (C). The dynamic marking 'p' is placed below the right staff.

spot where I so oft have play'd, When all was mirth and glee; But when these lips are
 see their lit-tle fa-cies yet, Their lisp-ing tones I hear; I love them with a
 see the cat-tle as they feed Up-on the tall grass there; And tho' it makes me

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef and the left staff is in bass clef. The music is in one sharp (F#) and common time (C).

old and still, And life for me is o'er, Then let them lay me down to sleep On
 heart as true, As in those days of yore, For they were al-ways good to me, On
 sigh to think That life will soon be o'er,— Yet, oh! how sweet will be my rest, On

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef and the left staff is in bass clef. The music is in one sharp (F#) and common time (C).

old Po - to - mac's shore, Then let them lay me down to sleep, On old Po - to - mac's shore.
 old Po - to - mac's shore, For they were al - ways good to me On old Po - to - mac's shore.
 old Po - to - mac's shore, Yet oh! how sweet my rest will be On old Po - to - mac's shore.

CHORUS.

TREBLE. Old Po - to - mac's shore, Old Po - to - mac's shore; Then

ALTO. Old Po - to - mac's shore, Old Po - to - mac's shore; Then

TENOR. Old Po - to - mac's shore, Old Po - to - mac's shore; Then

BASS. Old Po - to - mac's shore, Old Po - to - mac's shore; Then

PIANO.

let them lay me down to sleep On old Po - to - mac's shore.

let them lay me down to sleep On old Po - to - mac's shore.

let them lay me down to sleep On old Po - to - mac's shore.

let them lay me down to sleep On old Po - to - mac's shore.

PIANO.

No. 39.

THE MOON BEHIND THE HILL.

ARRANGED BY T. BISSELL.

MELODY BY T. BRIGHAM

Moderato con espressione.

PIANO.

p *cres.* *dim.*

1. I watch'd last night the ris - ing moon, Up - on a fo - reign strand; . . . Till
 2. It brought me back the vi - sions grand That pur - pled boy - hood's dreams; . . . Its
 3. It brought me back a mo - ther's love, Un - til in ac - cents wild, . . . I

mem - 'ries came, like flow'rs of June, Of home and fa - ther - land. . . . I
 youth - ful loves, its hap - py land, As bright as morn - ing beams; . . . It
 pray'd her from her home a - bove, To guard her lone - ly child; . . . It

dreamt I was a child once more, Be - side the rip - pling rill; . . . When
 brought me back the spread - ing lea, The stee - ple and the mill; . . . Un -
 brought me one a - cross the wave, To live in mem - 'ry still; . . . It

cres.

a tempo.

first I saw, in days of yore, The moon be-hind the hill. When
 - til my eyes could scarce - ly see, The moon be-hind the hill. Un -
 brought me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be-hind the hill. It

a tempo.

a tempo.

first . . I saw, in days of yore, The moon be-hind . . the hill.
 - til . . my eyes could scarce - ly see, The moon be-hind . . the hill.
 brought me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be-hind . . the hill.

a tempo.

8ves.

CHORUS.

TREBLE.

1. When first I saw, in days of yore, The moon be-hind the hill. When
 2. Un - til my eyes could scarce - ly see, The moon be-hind the hill. Un -
 3. It brought me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be-hind the hill. When

ALTO.

1. When first I saw, in days of yore, The moon be-hind the hill. When
 2. Un - til my eyes could scarce - ly see, The moon be-hind the hill. Un -
 3. It brought me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be-hind the hill. When

TENOR.

1. When first I saw, in days of yore, The moon be-hind the hill. When
 2. Un - til my eyes could scarce - ly see, The moon be-hind the hill. Un -
 3. It brought me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be-hind the hill. When

BASS

1. When first I saw, in days of yore, The moon be-hind the hill. When
 2. Un - til my eyes could scarce - ly see, The moon be-hind the hill. Un -
 3. It brought me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be-hind the hill. When

PIANO.

p

a tempo.

first . . . I saw, in days of yore, The moon be - hind . . the hill. . . .
 - til . . . my eyes could scarce - ly see The moon be - hind . . the hill. . . .
 brought . . me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be - hind . . the hill. . . .

first I saw, in days of yore, The moon be - hind . . the hill. . . .
 - til my eyes could scarce - ly see The moon be - hind . . the hill. . . .
 brought me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be - hind . . the hill. . . .

first . . . I saw, in days of yore, The moon be - hind the hill. . . .
 - til . . . my eyes could scarce - ly see The moon be - hind the hill. . . .
 brought . . me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be - hind the hill. . . .

first I saw, in days of yore, The moon be - hind the hill. . . .
 - til my eyes could scarce - ly see The moon be - hind the hill. . . .
 brought me back my "Ma - ry's grave," The moon be - hind the hill. . . .

a tempo.

No. 40. THE GAL WITH THE BLUE DRESS ON.

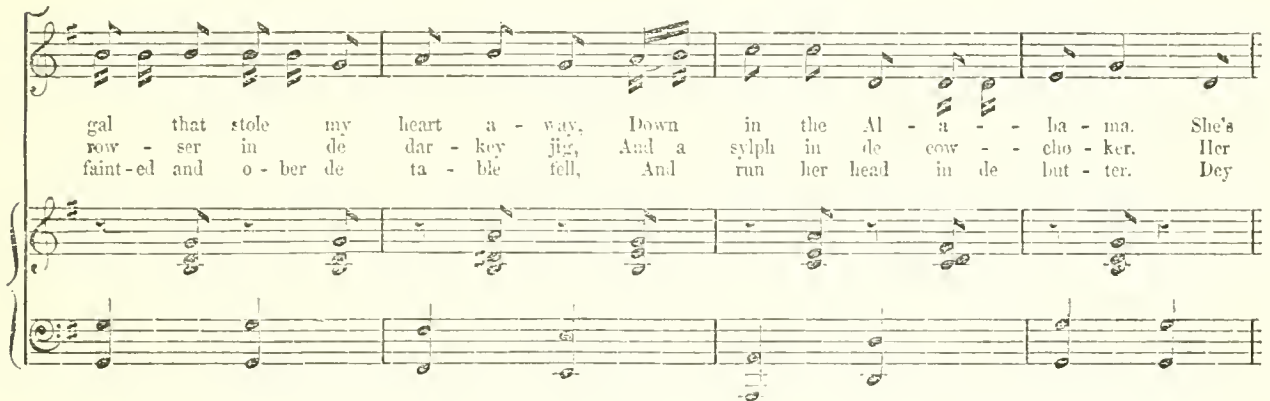
SUNG BY G. N. CHRISTY.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*



1. Oh! white folks I will sing to you, A - bout my dear Sa - san - na, She's the
 2. My love can ent the pi - geon wing, And like - wise dance the Pol - ka, She's a
 3. I took her to a ball one night, And when we went to sup - per, She



gal that stole my heart a - way, Down in the Al - a - la - ma. She's
 row - ser in de dar - key jig, And a sylph in de cow - de - cho - ker. Her
 faint-ed and o - ber de ta - ble fell, And run her head in de but - ter. Dey



tall and slen - der 'bout the waist, And beau - ti - ful as We - nus, Ob
 gay bird heels dey go so fast, The dar - kies look with won - der, For a
 used cam - pline to foitch her too, But den it war to la - ter.



all de gals I eb - ber see, She was de great - est gen - us.
 Some fall down and faint a - way, And think dere struck with thun - der,
 tar - key leg stuck in her head, And she chok'd to death with a ta - ter

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS' POPULAR SONGS.

CHORUS.

TREBLE. Oh! give me the gal with the blue dress on, The white folks call Su - san - na, She stole my heart a -

ALTO. Oh! give me the gal with the blue dress on, The white folks call Su - san - na, She stole my heart a -

TENOR. Oh! give me the gal with the blue dress on, The white folks call Su - san - na, She stole my heart a -

BASS. Oh! give me the gal with the blue dress on, The white folks call Su - san - na, She stole my heart a -

PIANO. *p*

- way, she's gone Way down in Al - a - ba - ma.

- way, she's gone Way down in Al - a - ba - ma.

- way, she's gone Way down in Al - a - ba - ma.

- way, she's gone Way down in Al - a - ba - ma.

mf

SIXTH SELECTION.

No. 41.

WE MEET AGAIN.

J. R. THOMAS.

Andante con espress.

PIANO.

mp

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The left hand plays a harmonic accompaniment in bass clef. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Andante con espress.' and the dynamic is 'mp'.

The first two lines of the song are shown. The vocal melody is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are:

1. When friend from friend is doom'd to stray, And glist - 'ning is each eye; When
 2. The wand - 'rer, far from those he loves, And all his heart holds dear, Of
 3. And when we, near the bed of death, Shall watch life's less - 'ning ray, While,

The next two lines of the song are shown. The vocal melody is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are:

lips with trem - bling ac - cents say The last fond word, "Good - bye," One
 ling' - ring as he on - ward roves, To check the ris - ing tear, When
 as we gaze, the fee - ble breath Is fleet - ing fast a - way, In

The final two lines of the song are shown. The vocal melody is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are:

thought still cheers the droop - ing heart, And soothes the bo - som's pain, . . . That tho' in sor - row
 thoughts of home and by - gone days Come crowd - ing o'er his brain, . . . How sweet the voice with -
 that dark hour of bit - ter woe, When tears are all in vain, . . . Calm o'er the soul these

we de-part, In joy we meet a-gain, we meet, we meet a-gain.
 in that says, "Hope on, we meet a-gain, we meet, we meet a-gain."
 words shall flow, "In heav'n we meet a-gain, we meet, we meet a-gain."

cres. *dim.*

CHORUS.

TREBLE. *mp* We meet a-gain, we meet a-gain, we meet a-gain, we meet a-gain. *cres.* *dim.*

ALTO. *mp* We meet a-gain, we meet a-gain, we meet a-gain, we meet a-gain. *cres.* *dim.*

TENOR. *mp* We meet a-gain, we meet a-gain, we meet a-gain, we meet a-gain. *cres.* *dim.*

BASS. *mp* We meet a-gain, we meet again, we meet, we meet a-gain, we meet a-gain. *cres.* *dim.*

PIANO. *mp* *cres.* *dim.*

mf

No. 42. NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES.

G. F. WURZEL.

Andante moderato.

PIANO.

p dolce.

1. Ne-ver for-get the dear ones A-round the so-cial hearth, . . . The
 2. E-ver their hearts are turn-ing To thee when far a-way, . . . Their
 3. Ne-ver for-get thy fa-ther, Who, cheer-ful, toils for thee, . . . With-



sun-ny smiles of glad-ness, The songs of art-less mirth; . . . Though
 love so pure and ten-der, Is with thee on thy way; . . . Wher-
 in thy heart may e-ver Thy mo-ther's i-mage be; . . . Thy



o-ther scenes may woo thee, In o-ther lands to roam, . . .
 e-ver thou may'st wan-der, Wher-e-ver thou may'st roam, . . .
 sis-ter dear, and bro-ther, They long for thee to come, . . .



Ne - ver for - get the dear ones That clus - ter round thy home. . . .

p

Ne - ver for - get, ne - ver for - get, Ne - ver for - get the

cres.

dear . . . ones That clus - - ter round thy home.

fz. *dim.*

CHORUS. *piu animato.* *cres.*

TREBLE. *p* Ne - ver for - get, ne - ver for - get, ne - ver for - get the dear . . . ones That

ALTO. *p* Ne - ver for - get, ne - ver for - get, ne - ver for - get the dear . . . ones That

TENOR. *p* Ne - ver for - get, ne - ver for - get, ne - ver for - get the dear . . . ones That

BASS. Ne - ver for - get, ne - ver for - get, ne - ver for - get the dear ones That

PIANO. *p* *cres.*

First system of musical notation, featuring four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo/mood is marked *p* (piano). The lyrics are: "clus - ter round thy home; . . . Ne - ver for - get the dear . . ones That". The piano part includes dynamic markings *cres.* (crescendo) and *f* (forte).

Second system of musical notation, featuring four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "clus - ter round thy home." The piano part includes dynamic markings *cres.* (crescendo) and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

No. 43.

KISS, BUT NEVER TELL.

F. BUCKLEY.

PIANO. *Sprightly.* *mf*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked 'Sprightly' and 'mf'. It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a bass line of eighth notes.

The first vocal line is a single staff in 2/4 time, marked '1. When'. It begins with a whole rest for two measures, followed by a half note G4 and a quarter note F#4.

1. When
2. At

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a bass line of eighth notes.

love grows warm there is a charm, And oft a sa - cred bliss, When
nigh when eyes like stars beam bright, And kin - dred souls com - mune, And

This block contains the first verse of the song. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: 'love grows warm there is a charm, And oft a sa - cred bliss, When nigh when eyes like stars beam bright, And kin - dred souls com - mune, And'. The piano part features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a bass line of eighth notes in the left hand.

fond hearts greet, for lips to meet, In sweet af - fee - tion's kiss; But
heart to heart love's vows im - part, Be - neath the smil - ing moon; At

This block contains the second verse of the song. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: 'fond hearts greet, for lips to meet, In sweet af - fee - tion's kiss; But heart to heart love's vows im - part, Be - neath the smil - ing moon; At'. The piano part features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a bass line of eighth notes in the left hand.

to re - veal the sa - cred seal Which hal - lows it so well, May
such an hour of ma - gie pow'r, What hal - low'd rap - tures dwell, In

quench love's flame, with breath of shame, So kiss, but ne - ver tell. } Oh,
each true breast, by hon - our blest, To kiss and ne - ver tell. }

kiss, but ne - ver tell, oh, ne - ver! Breath - ing breaks the spell, True

lo - ver's pledge to keep for e - ver, Kiss, but ne - ver tell.

mf

No. 44. I WOULD NOT HAVE THEE YOUNG AGAIN.

Moderato con espressione.

STEPHEN MASSET

PIANO.

1. I would not have thee young a - gain, Since I my - self am old, . . . Not
 2. Tho' from thine eyes of soft - est blue Some light hath pass'd a - way, . . . Love

that thy youth was e - ver vain, Or that my age is cold; . . . But
 look - eth forth as warm and true As on our bri - dal day; . . . I

when up - on thy gen - tle face I see the shades of time, . . . A
 hear thy song, and tho', in part, 'Tis faint - ter in its tone, . . .

thou - - sand me - - mo - ries re - place The beau - - ties of . . thy
heed it not, for still thy heart Is sing - - ing to . . my

prime!
own!

f *dim.*

No. 45. IT IS NOT AS IT USED TO BE.

STEPHEN MASSET.

Andante.

VOICE. It

PIANO. *p* *legato.*

is not as it used to be, When you and I were young; When

round each elm and ma - ple tree The ho-ney - sue - kles cling, . . . But

still I love the cot - tage, Where I pass'd my ear - ly years, . . . Though

not a sin - gle face is there That me - mo - ry en - dears. . . .

2ND VERSE.

It is not as it used to be, The

f *p* *espress.* *rall.* *p*

voic - es lov'd of yore, The forms that we were wont to see, We

The first system of the musical score, featuring a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "voic - es lov'd of yore, The forms that we were wont to see, We".

see and hear no more. . . . No more! a - las! we look in vain For

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics are: "see and hear no more. . . . No more! a - las! we look in vain For".

those to whom we clung, . . . And lov'd, as we can love but once, When

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics are: "those to whom we clung, . . . And lov'd, as we can love but once, When".

you and I were young. . .

f *rall. p^ospres.* FINE.

The fourth system of the musical score, concluding the piece. The lyrics are: "you and I were young. . .". The system ends with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking, a tempo change to *rall. p^ospres.* (rallentando, poco spresato), and the word "FINE.".

No. 46. NONE SHALL WEEP A TEAR FOR ME.

S. C. FOSTER

Lento.

PIANO

mp *sf* *p*

1. My life is like the sum - mer rose, That o - - - pens to the
 2. My life is like the au - tumn leaf, That trem - - - bles in the

p

morn - ing sky, But, e'er the shades of ev - 'ning close, Is
 moon's pale ray; Its bold is frail, its date is brief, 'Tis

scat - tered on the ground to die; Yet on the ro - se's
 rest - less soon to pass a - way; Yet when the leaf shall

cres.

humble head fall and fade, The sweet-est dew of night are shed, As The
parent tree will mourn its shade, The

if winds they wept the waste to see, But none shall weep a tear for me, But
be-wail the leaf-less tree, But none shall breathe a sigh for me, But

none shall weep a tear for me, But none shall weep, shall weep a tear for me.
none shall breathe a sigh for me, But none shall breathe, shall breathe a sigh for me.

No. 47.

POOR AUNT DINAH.

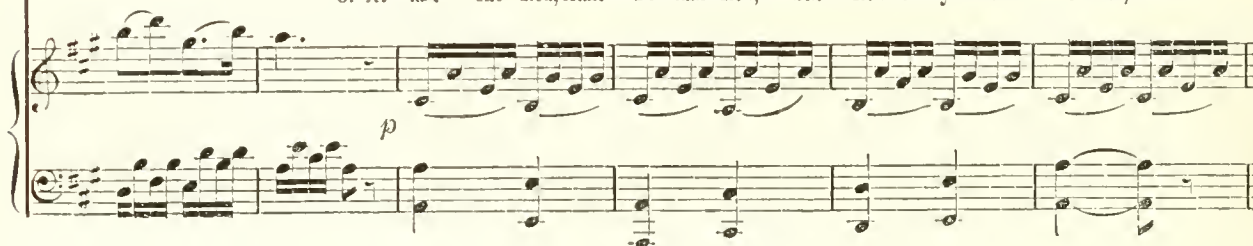
N. KNEASS

Moderato.

PIANO.



1. I knew an old nig - ga Ann - ty once, She liv'd in Lou - si - an - a; The
 2. Old Ann - ty Di - nah liv'd a - lone In her ea - bin by the ri - ver, Whar de
 3. At last she died, Aunt Di - nah died, She died of yal - ler fe - ver, And



white folks call'd her Di - nah, But she call'd her - self Di - an - a. Her eyes were black, her teeth were white, Her
 nig - gas came both young and old, Deir du - ty for to give her; She taught 'em how to knit and spin, And
 mas - sa laid her in her grave, Whar all shed tears to leave her; We put ou black in Lou'-sana State, And



fi - gure tall and slen - der, Her arms were stout, her hands were tough, But her nig - ga heart was ten - der.
 may be some-thing fin - er, But dey could not make de good hoe eake As good as old Aunt Di - nah!
 some in Car - o - li - na, A slab of pine we put atherhead, And on it we wrote Di - nah!



CHORUS.

TREBLE. *f* Poor Aunt Di - nah! *pp* Poor Aunt Di - nah! Her

ALTO. *f* Poor Aunt Di - nah! *pp* Poor Aunt Di - nah! Her

TENOR. *f* Poor Aunt Di - nah! *pp* Poor Aunt Di - nah! Her

BASS. *f* Poor Aunt Di - nah! *pp* Poor Aunt Di - nah! Her

PIANO. *f* *pp*

The musical score for the chorus is written for five parts: Treble, Alto, Tenor, Bass, and Piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The Treble, Alto, Tenor, and Bass parts are vocal staves, while the Piano part consists of two staves. The lyrics are 'Poor Aunt Di - nah! Her' repeated twice. The first time is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic, and the second time is marked with a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment also follows this dynamic scheme, starting with *f* and then *pp*.

mf arms were stout, her hands were tough, But her nig - ga heart was ten - der.

mf arms were stout, her hands were tough, But her nig - ga heart was ten - der.

mf arms were stout, her hands were tough, But her nig - ga heart was ten - der.

mf arms were stont, her hands were tough, But her nig - ga heart was ten - der.

mf

mf

The musical score for the verse is written for five parts: Treble, Alto, Tenor, Bass, and Piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The Treble, Alto, Tenor, and Bass parts are vocal staves, while the Piano part consists of two staves. The lyrics are 'arms were stout, her hands were tough, But her nig - ga heart was ten - der.' repeated four times. The first three times are marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic, and the fourth time is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment also follows this dynamic scheme, starting with *mf* and then *mf*.

No. 48.

ON THE ROAD TO BRIGHTON.

LON MORRIS

Lively.

PIANO. *mf*

1. My - self and friend went out to ride with a gal-lus nose and wag-gon, We stopp'd out at the
 2. When we got out there we were met by the wai-ter, We went in - to the
 3. Then we thought we'd have some flip, which made us feel so fun - ny, But when we come to

p

Nor - folk House, and then we went to Brighton; We pass'd ev' - ry - thing on the road, you
 house, and got some bran - dy and wa - ter; We got two ci - gars, and
 pay for it, we found we had no mo - ney; The land-lord commenc'd to talk, the con - ver -

ought to seen us kit - ing, We were a cou - ple of fast boys, on the road to Brigh-ton.
 then commenc'd to light 'em, We were a cou - ple of fast boys, on the road to Brigh-ton.
 - sa - tion was ex - cit - ing, I tell you what it is, we had a gay row at Brigh-ton.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS' POPULAR SONGS.

CHORUS.

TRIPLE.
O my! you ought to see us go-ing, Two for-ty in the sand, the horse he was a blowing;

ALTO.
O my! you ought to see us go-ing, Two for-ty in the sand, the horse he was a blowing;

TENOR.
O my! you ought to see us go-ing, Two for-ty in the sand, the horse he was a blowing;

BASS.
O my! you ought to see us go-ing, Two for-ty in the sand, the horse he was a blowing;

PIANO.
f

O my! you ought to see us kit-ing, We were a cou-ple of fast boys, on the road to Brighton.

O my! you ought to see us kit-ing, We were a cou-ple of fast boys, on the road to Brighton.

O my! you ought to see us kit-ing, We were a cou-ple of fast boys, on the road to Brighton.

O my! you ought to see us kit-ing, We were a cou-ple of fast boys, on the road to Brighton.

mf

They took us from the house, and put us in the station,
They fined us five dollars a piece, without cause or provocation;
The landlord commenced the muss, and we commenced the fighting,
I tell you what it is, we had a gay time at Brighton.

CHORUS.—O my! you ought to see, &c.

A friend paid our fine, then we started for the tavern,
We called for our horse, and before him they hitched the waggon;
The landlord come in, my friend he got frightened,
And I come home with a black eye that I got out to Brighton.

CHORUS.—O my! you ought to see, &c.

No. 49.

THE YOUNG FOLKS AT HOME.

H. LIVINGSTON.

Andante espressivo.

PIANO. *p*

1. 'Twas in a son - thern grove I dwelt, No sor - row then I knew, It
 2. We play'd de ban - jo tou - bou - rine, And danc'd be - neath the shade; And

seem'd dat eb - 'ry hour was bright Dat gai - ly o'er me flew; De lit - tle ones dat clung a-round, Ere
 all a - round us love to hear De mu - sie dat we made; De mock - ing bird sang sweet - ly then, De

I from dem did roam, Made eb - 'ry hour still hap - pier seem, Oh, dear young folks at home,
 wild birds dey would come And make de grove wid mu - sie ring, Oh, dear young folks at home!

CHORUS. *mf*

TREBLE.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
PIANO.

I'm be - ry sad— no joy for me, Why did I e - ber roam? Oh!

mf

Repeat *pp*

shall I ne - ber, ne - ber see De dear young folks at home?

shall I ne - ber, ne - ber see De dear young folks at home?

shall I ne - ber, ne - ber see De dear young folks at home?

shall I ne - ber, ne - ber see De dear young folks at home?

Repeat *pp* *p*

But now I broken-hearted go—
 Poor Tom dey all despise;
 I grieve o'er all de happy past
 With bitter tears and sighs;
 I'm scorned by all de careless crowd,
 No matter where I roam;
 Oh! shall I neber see again
 De dear young folks at home!

CHORUS.—I'm berry sad, &c.

Ah, no!— I now am far away,
 Where no such pleasures shine;
 I neber dream'd dat sorrow'd come
 To dis poor heart of mine!
 Den take me to dat dear old spot,
 Nor longer let me roam,—
 And lay me in de cold, cold grave,
 Near de dear young folks at home!

CHORUS.—I'm berry sad, &c.

No. 50.

OLD JESSY.

C. CONVERSE.

PIANO.

*Andantino.**p dolce.*

1. Old Jes-sy once was young like us, Could hoe de cot - ton well, But
 2. Old Jessy's hair is grey and long, Like de moss up - on de tree, And his

now he's passing a - way from us, Like de dew - drop on de hill. } Den
 teeth drop out of de old jaw - bone,—Oh! soon he will be free.

pi - ty poor old Jes-sy, And wipe de tear-drop from your eye, For

Jes - sy's gwine to leave us soon, And in de ground to lie.

CHORUS. *mp* *cres.* *p*

Soprano: Den pi-ty poor old Jes-sy, And wipe de tear-drop from your eye, For

Alto: Den pi-ty poor old Jes-sy, And wipe de tear-drop from your eye, For

Tenor: Den pi-ty poor old Jes-sy, And wipe de tear-drop from your eye, For

Bass: Den pi-ty poor old Jes-sy, And wipe de tear-drop from your eye, ... For

Piano: *mp* *cres.* *dim.*

Jes-sy's gwine to leave us soon, And in de ground to lie.

Jes-sy's gwine to leave us soon, And in de ground to lie.

Jes-sy's gwine to leave us soon, And in de ground to lie.

Jes-sy's gwine to leave us soon, And in de ground to lie.

collo parte.

p dolce.

Old Jessy can't play de banjo,
His fingers are stiff and sore;
Dey tremble so de bones do crack,
He'll play—no, neber more.
CHORUS.—Den pity poor old Jessy, &c.

He used to go out in de oyster boat,
Far, far away from shore;
But he will neber go out again,
Echo answers, neber more.
CHORUS.—Den pity poor old Jessy, &c.

No. 51. DEAR MOTHER I'LL COME HOME AGAIN.

F. WILSON.

Moderato.

PIANO.

mp

1. Oh! mo - ther dear, I sigh in vain . . . To live my child - hood o'er a -
 2. Oh! mo - ther dear, those ear - ly scenes, . . . The flow - ry fields, and mea - dows

- gain, . . . And see thy clear, love beam-ing eye . . . Out-shine the stars up in the
 green, . . . As thoughts come back I heave a sigh, . . . And wish for hap - py days gone

a tempo.

sky; Oh! mo-ther dear, bright sun - ny rays that give such joy and heav'n-ly
by; Long since I left my na - tive shore, But now my heart beats just as

a tempo.

bliss, As by thy knee I used to pray, Or climb'd to steal af - fec-tion's kiss,
then, Tho' miles of sea be-tween us roar, Dear mo-ther, I'll come home a - gain.

CHORUS. *mp*

TREBLE. *mp* Oh! mo - ther dear, I sigh in vain . . . To live my child - hood o'er a -

ALTO. *mp* Oh! mo - ther dear, I sigh in vain To live my child - hood o'er a -

TENOR. *mp* Oh! mo - ther dear, I sigh in vain To live my child - hood o'er a -

BASS. *mp* Oh! mo - ther dear, I sigh in vain To live my child - hood o'er a -

PIANO. *mp*

- gain, . . And see thy clear, love - beam - ing eye, . . Out - shine the stars up in the

- gain, And see thy clear, love - beam - ing eye, . . Out - shine the stars up in the

- gain, And see thy clear, love - beam - ing eye, Out - shine the stars up in the

- gain, And see thy clear, love - beam - ing eye, Out - shine the stars up in the

SOLO. CHORUS.

sky; Oh! mo - ther dear,— Oh! . . . my mo - ther dear.

sky; my mo - ther dear.

sky; my mo - ther dear.

sky; my mo - ther dear.

8va.

p *pp* *mp*

No. 52

FARE-THEE-WELL, KITTY DEAR.

G. F. WURZEL.

Andante sostenuto.

PIANO, *mp*

1. I saw the smile of ev'ning die . . . In beau - ty on a southern sky, And
 2. Tho' Af - ric's son that strain a - woke, . . . A lan - guage to my soul it spoke That
 3. Tho' years since then have roll'd a - way, . . . The e - cho of that sim - ple lay Comes

p

as I mark'd that fairy scene, . . . So mild, so love-ly, and se - rene, A
 seem'd my restless thought to quell, . . . And hold me cap-tive to its spell; How
 o'er me when with care op - press'd, . . . And soothes my troubled heart to rest; Nor

cres. *f*

strange wild sound, yet sweet and clear, In tones like these I chanc'd to hear—
 much of feel - ing, deep and strong, Was blend - ed in that art - less song.
 will I till my la - test hour For - get the ma - gic of its pow'r.

cres.

All. gr. to.
mf

CHORUS. *mf*

TREBLE. *mf*

ALTO. *mf*

TENOR. *mf*

BASS. *mf*

PIANO. *mf*

Fare-thee-well, Kit - ty dear, Thou art sleep - ing in thy grave so low,

Ne - ver more, Kit - ty dear, Wilt thou lis - ten to my old ban - jo.

Ne - ver more, Kit - ty dear, Wilt thou lis - ten to my old ban - jo.

Ne - ver more, Kit - ty dear, Wilt thou lis - ten to my old ban - jo.

Ne - ver more, Kit - ty dear, Wilt thou lis - ten to my old ban - jo.

First system of the musical score. It consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are: "Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty, Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty, Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty dear,". The first vocal staff starts with a *p* (piano) dynamic, and the piano accompaniment starts with a *f* (forte) dynamic.

Second system of the musical score. It continues the four vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty, Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty, Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty dear." The first vocal staff includes dynamic markings: *p*, *dim.*, and *rit.*. The piano accompaniment includes *p* and *f* markings.

Third system of the musical score. It continues the four vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty, Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty, Fare - thee-well, Kit - ty dear." The first vocal staff includes dynamic markings: *fz*, *dim.*, *fz*, *dim.*, and *f*. The piano accompaniment includes *fz* and *dim.* markings.

No. 53.

JULIETTA BELL.

J. R. THOMAS

Scherzando.

PIANO. *mf*

1. Come all you dar - kies lis - ten, and I'll tell you what be - fel A
 2. When first I saw Miss Ju - lie she had love in ev - 'ry fea - ture, And
 3. I thought I'd made a con-quest, but I soon felt migh - ty small, For

p

ve - ry pret - ty yel - low girl—Miss Ju - li - et - ta Bell; Whose play - ful wiles and witch - ing smiles dis -
 put her face so close to mine, the dear, the charming creature, I felt compell'd to press her lips, for
 meet - ing with my char - mer at a co - lour'd fan - cy ball, I ask'd her if she'd dance with me, not

cres.

- tract - ed ev' - ry heart, She had a score of beaux or more, so well she play'd her part.
 fear she'd think me cold, She on - ly said, "You naugh - ty man, how could you be so bold?"
 think - ing she'd re - fuse me, She turn'd a - way, re - ply - ing, "I'm eu - gag'd, sir, pray excuse me."

mf

CHORUS.

SOPRANO. *f* Ju - li - et - ta Bell, Ju - li - et - ta Bell, Ju - li - Ju - li - Ju - li - Ju - li - et - ta Bell.

ALTO. *f* Ju - li - et - ta Bell, Ju - li - et - ta Bell, Ju - li - Ju - li - Ju - li - Ju - li - et - ta Bell.

TENOR. *f* Ju - li - et - ta Bell, Ju - li - et - ta Bell, Ju - li - Ju - li - Ju - li - Ju - li - et - ta Bell.

BASS. *f* Ju - li - et - ta Bell, Ju - li - et - ta Bell, Ju - li - Ju - li - Ju - li - Ju - li - et - ta Bell.

PIANO. *f*

Another voice.

Next day I saw her walking, and I thought I would resent it,
And like a fool went up to her, and asked her if she meant it;
She struck an attitude, like Forrest when he tries to "smash" us,
"Go 'way," said she, "I'll call the p'lice, you're getting quite awd.ishes."

I thought 'twas time to cut (cut what, your throat?) no, cut my stick;
And she has met the fate of all who lay it on too thick;
Her beaux they dropped off one by one, her hopes for ever quashing;
Miss Julie's occupation's gone, and now—she takes in washing.

No. 54. MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT.

S. C. FOSTER.

Poco lento.

PIANO. *p*

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dar-kies are gay, The
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mea-dow, the lill and the shore, They
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - e - ver the dar-key may go; A

p

corn - top's ripe, and the mea-dow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the day, The
 sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old ca - bin door, The
 few more days and the trou - ble all will end, In the fields where the su - gar canes grow, A

young folks roll on the lit - tle ca - bin floor, All mer-ry, all hap - py and bright; By'n
 day goes by like a sha - dow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de - light; The
 few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill ne - ver be light; A

by hard times come a knock-ing at the door,
 time has come when the dar-kies soon must part, } Then my old Ken-tuck - y home, good night.
 few more days we will tot - ter on the road,

CHORUS. *mp Andante.*

SOPRANO. Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the

ALTO. Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the

TENOR. Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the

BASS. Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the

PIANO. *mp Andante.*

old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a - way.

old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a - way.

old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a - way.

old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a - way.

p

No. 55.

NELLY WAS A LADY.

S. C. FOSTER.

Andante.

PIANO. *mp*

1. Down on de Mis - sis - sip - pi float - ing, Long time I tra - ble on de way,
 2. Now I'm un - hap - py, and I'm weep - ing, Can't tote de cot - ton-wood no more;
 3. When I saw my Nel - ly in de morn - ing, Smile till she o - pen'd up her eyes,

p

All night de cot-ton-wood a to - ting, Sing for my true lub all de day.
 Last night, while Nel - ly was a sleep - ing, Death came a knock-in' at de door.
 Seem'd like de light ob day a dawn - ing, Jist 'fore de sun be - gin to rise.

CHORUS. *p*

SOPRANO
 Nel - ly was a la - dy, Last night she died; Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My

ALTO.
 Nel - ly was a la - dy, Last night she died; Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My

TENOR.
 Nel - ly was a la - dy, Last night she died; Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My

BASS
 Nel - ly was a la - dy, Last night she died; Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, My

PIANO. *p*

Repeat forte.

dark Vir-gin - ny bride.

dark Vir-gin - ny bride.

dark Vir-gin - ny bride.

dark Vir-gin - ny bride.

Repeat forte. *mp*

Close by de margin ob de water,
 Whar de lone weeping willow grows,
 Dar lib'd Virginny's lubly daughter;
 Dar she in death may find repose.
 CHORUS.—Nelly was a lady, &c.

Down in de meadow 'mong de clober,
 Walk with my Nelly by my side;
 Now all dem happy days am ober,
 Farewell my dark Virginny bride.
 CHORUS.—Nelly was a lady, &c.

No. 56.

LINDA HAS DEPARTED.

S. C. FOSTER.

Moderato.

PIANO.

mp

1. Death, with his cold hand, Hath robb'd me of ev - 'ry hope, Hath robb'd me of ev - 'ry hope, My
 2. Blest were the hours pass'd, With her whom my soul a-dor'd, With her whom my soul a - dor'd, Whose

p



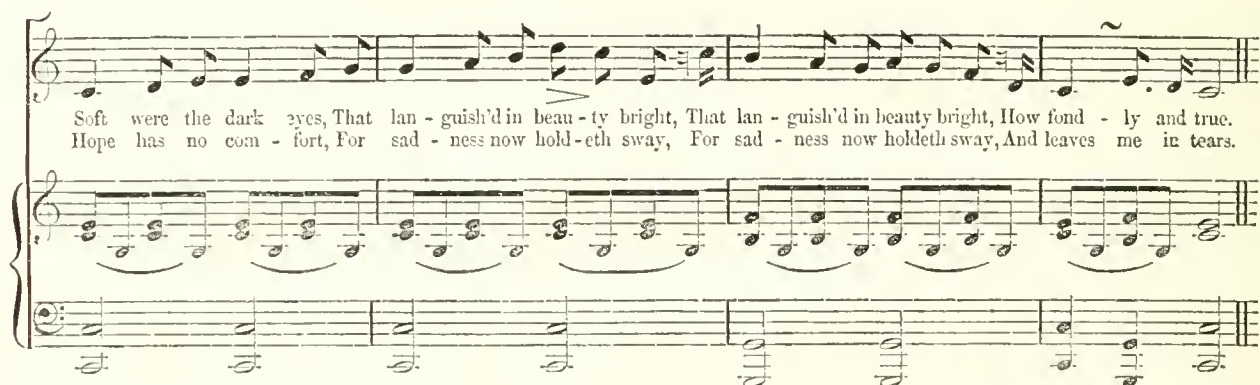
lov'd one is gone; Bleak was the mo - ment That part - ed our beat - ing hearts, That
heart was so light; Sad is the lone hour, Be - reft of my dar - ling one, Be -



part - ed our beat - ing hearts, And left me a - lone. Sweet was the low voice That
- reft of my dar - ling one, In dark - ness and night. All now is cheer - less, My



wrapt me in fond de - light, That wrapt me in fond de - light, As fair vi - sions do;
joys long have pass'd a - way, My joys long have pass'd a - way, With love's fleet - ing years;



Soft were the dark eyes, That lan - guish'd in beau - ty bright, That lan - guish'd in beauty bright, How fond - ly and true.
Hope has no com - fort, For sad - ness now hold - eth sway, For sad - ness now holdeth sway, And leaves me in tears.

mp CHORUS.

Soprano: Lin - da has de - part - - ed, The warm and ten - der heart - - ed—

Alto: Lin - da has de - part - - ed, The warm and ten - der heart - - ed—

Tenor: Lin - da has de - part - - ed, The warm and ten - der heart - - ed—

Bass: Lin - da has de - part - - ed, The warm and ten - der heart - - ed—

Piano: *mp*

Lin - da has de - part - - - ed, And left me here to mourn.

Lin - da has de - part - - - ed, And left me here to mourn.

Lin - da has de - part - - - ed, And left me here to mourn.

Lin - da has de - part - - - ed, And left me here to mourn.

Piano: *p*

No. 57.

ROOT, HOG, OR DIE.

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO.

*mf**f*

1. I'm right from old Vir - gin - ny, wid my pock - et full ob news, I'm
 2. I se de hap - pi - est dar - kee on de top ob de earth, I
 3. Do de Bos - - ten dan - dies dey look so ve - ry grand, Old



worth twen - ty shillings, right square in my shoes, It does - n't make a dif of bit - ter - ance to
 get fat as pos - som in de time ob de dearth, Like a pig in a ta - ter patch, to
 clothes hand me down, gloves up - on de hand, I high - heel boots, mous -



nei - der yon nor I, Big pig, or lit - tle pig, Root, hog, or die.
 dar let me lie, Way down in old Vir - gin - ny, whar its Root, hog, or die.
 - taches round de eye, A per - - feck sick fam - il - y ob Root, hog, or die.



CHORUS.

TREBLE. *f* *stac.*

ALTO

TENOR.

BASS.

PIANO.

I'm chief cook and bot - tle - wash - er, eap - 'n ob de wait - ers; I

stand up - on my head, When I peel de ap - ple dum - plins.

stand up - on my head, When I peel de ap - ple dum - plins.

stand up - on my head, When I peel de ap - ple dum - plins.

stand up - on my head, When I peel de ap - ple dum - plins.

mf sciolto.

f

De Boston gals dey do beat dem all,
 Dey wear high-heel shoes for to make dem tall;
 If dey don't hab dem, de Lor, how dey'l cry,
 De boys hab got to get dem, or else—Root, hog, or die.
 CHORUS—I'm chief cook, &c.

De Shanghie coats dey're getting all de go,
 Whar de boys get dem I really don't know,
 But dey're bound to get dem if dey don't hang too high.
 Or else dey make de tailors run—Root, hog, or die.
 CHORUS—I'm chief cook, &c.

No. 58.

MOSS-GROWN DELL.

J. P. ORDWAY

Andante.

PIANO.

p dolce e legato. *cres.* *rall.*

1. 'Tis mid-night now, and sweet - ly glows The moon's bright ra - dant beam; While o - thers slept, my
 2. Youth's brightest mo - ments now are fled, Time marks the smooth - est brow; Though good old friends are
 3. The re - col - lec - tion of bright youth, And Nel - lie's heart - felt love, When moon - light shone, we

p

thoughts a-rose To bless the moss-grown path, I ween; How oft the troubled heart finds rest, And
 with the dead, The Moss - Grown Dell I love e'en now. The world may richest gems un - fold, And
 vow'd chaste truth, The gol - den urn of joys a-bove. Old age has come, we're hap - py yet! And

loves the spot which holds a spell, 'Tis thus my heart feels tru - ly blest, With thoughts of thee, sweet Moss-Grown Dell.
 hold me with a pleasure spell; No use are these, my love grows cold, Com-par'd with thee, sweet Moss-Grown Dell.
 Time sings on his oft told knell; But that dear spot we'll ne'er for-get, Of ear - ly vows, sweet Moss-Grown Dell,

rall.

rall.

Andante.
CHORUS. *p* *pp*

TREBLE

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

PIANO.

p *Andante.* *pp*

Moss-Grown Dell— Qui-et Dell! Oft in youth we've wan-der'd there, Guard-ed by thy

Moss-Grown Dell— Qui-et Dell! Oft in youth we've wan-der'd there, Guard-ed by thy

Moss-Grown Dell— Qui-et Dell! Oft in youth we've wan-der'd there, Guard-ed by thy

Moss-Grown Dell— Qui-et Dell! Oft in youth we've wan-der'd there, Guard-ed by thy

Moss-Grown Dell— Qui-et Dell! Oft in youth we've wan-der'd there, Guard-ed by thy

dim. *cres.* *dim.* *rall.*

moon-light spell, Hap-py mo-ments those, no fear Fill'd our hearts, sweet Moss-Grown Dell.

moon-light spell, Hap-py mo-ments those, no fear Fill'd our hearts, sweet Moss-Grown Dell.

dim. *cres.* *dim.*

moon-light spell, Hap-py mo-ments those, no fear Fill'd our hearts, sweet Moss-Grown Dell.

moon-light spell, Hap-py mo-ments those, no fear Fill'd our hearts, sweet Moss-Grown Dell.

dim. *cres.* *dim.* *rall.*

p dolce e legato. *cres.* *rall.*

No. 59

DEAREST LILLA.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY W. CLIFTON.

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO. *p*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked 'Allegretto moderato'. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line continues the eighth-note pattern in the bass line. The treble line has chords and single notes that follow the vocal melody. A crescendo (*cres.*) marking is placed above the treble staff.

1. Come, come my dear - est Lil - la, I'm go - ing far a - way, My
 2. Long, long per-haps dis dar - kie May cease to drop a tear, Yet
 3. Oh! I will meet my Lil - la In bet-ter world dan dis, Whar

p

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. It continues with the same eighth-note bass line and chordal accompaniment in the treble.

mas - sa he now take me, To Cal - li - for - ni - a ; I
 he will ne'er for - get her, His lub - ly Lil - la dear, And
 sor - row nee - er en - ter, But eb - er - last - ing bliss ; Den

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line continues the musical pattern, ending with a final chord in the treble and a sustained note in the bass.

hab but de-e few mo - ments, To bid a last fare - well. De
 will you tink ob me, lub, When far a - way I dwell. De
 dar de notes ob an - gels Up - on de ear will swell. De

grief dat dis poor dar - kie feel, Dis heart a - lone can tell.
 grief dat dis poor dar - kie feel, Dis heart a - lone can tell.
 joy dat dis poor dar - kie feel, Dis heart a - lone can tell.

mf CHORUS.

SOPRANO.
 Den come, my dear - est Lil - la, Come sing a - gain to me, Thy

ALTO.
 Den come, my dear - est Lil - la, Come sing a - gain to me, Thy

TENOR.
 Den come, my dear - est Lil - la, Come sing a - gain to me, Thy

BASS.
 Den come, my dear - est Lil - la, Come sing a - gain to me, Thy

PIANO.
mf *dim.*

cres. *p* *Slower.*

voice is like de night - in - gale, Dat war - ble in de tree.

cres. *p*

voice is like de night - in - gale, Dat war - ble in de tree.

cres. *p*

voice is like de night - in - gale, Dat war - ble in de tree.

cres. *p*

voice is like de night - in - gale, Dat war - ble in de tree.

cres. *f* *p* *Slower.*

No. 60.

GENTLE NETTIE MOORE.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mp*

1. In a lit - tle white cot-tage, Where the trees are e - ver green, And the climbing ros-es blos-som by the door, I've
 2. Be - low us in the val - ley, On the San-tee's dancing tide, Of a sum-mer eve I'd launch my o - pen boat, And
 3. One sun - ny morn in au-tumn, Ere the dew had left the lawn, Came a tra - der up from Loui-si - an - na bay, Who

of - ten sat and lis - ten'd To the mu - sic of the birds, And the gen - tle voice of charming Net - tie Moore,
 when the moon was ris - ing, And the stars be - gan to shine, Down the ri - ver so mer - ri - ly we would float.
 gave to mas - ter mo - ney, And then shackel'd her with chains, Then he took her off to work her life a - way.

CHORUS. *mf*

SOPRANO.
 Oh! I miss you, Net - tie Moore, And my hap - pi - ness is o'er, While a

ALTO.
 Oh! I miss you, Net - tie Moore, And my hap - pi - ness is o'er, While a

TENOR.
 Oh! I miss you, Net - tie Moore, And my hap - pi - ness is o'er, While a

BASS
 Oh! I miss you, Net - tie Moore, And my hap - pi - ness is o'er, While a

PIANO. *mf*

The musical score is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and sentimental, with a recurring phrase in the first line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and a simple bass line.

spi - rit sad a - round my heart has come; And the bu - sy days are long, And the
 spi - rit sad a - round my heart has come; And the bu - sy days are long, And the
 spi - rit sad a - round my heart has come; And the bu - sy days are long, And the
 spi - rit sad a - round my heart has come; And the bu - sy days are long, And the

nights are lone - ly now, For you're gone from our lit - tle cot - tage home.
 nights are lone - ly now, For you're gone from our lit - tle cot - tage home.
 nights are lone - ly now, For you're gone from our lit - tle cot - tage home.
 nights are lone - ly now, For you're gone from our lit - tle cot - tage home.

mp

Since that time the world is dreary,
 And I long from earth to rise,
 And join the happy angels gone before;
 I never can be merry,
 For my heart is full of woe,
 And I'm pining for my pretty Nettie Moore.

CHORUS—Oh! I miss you, Nettie Moore, &c.

You are gone, lovely Nettie,
 And my heart must surely break,
 When the tears come no more into my eyes;
 But when weary life is past,
 I shall meet you once again,
 In Heaven—darling, up above the skies.

CHORUS—Oh! I miss you, Nettie Moore, &c.

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| 31 | The dance invites us (three sopranos) . . . | Chorus |
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| 9 | Hail! smiling morn | 39 | When winds breathe soft |
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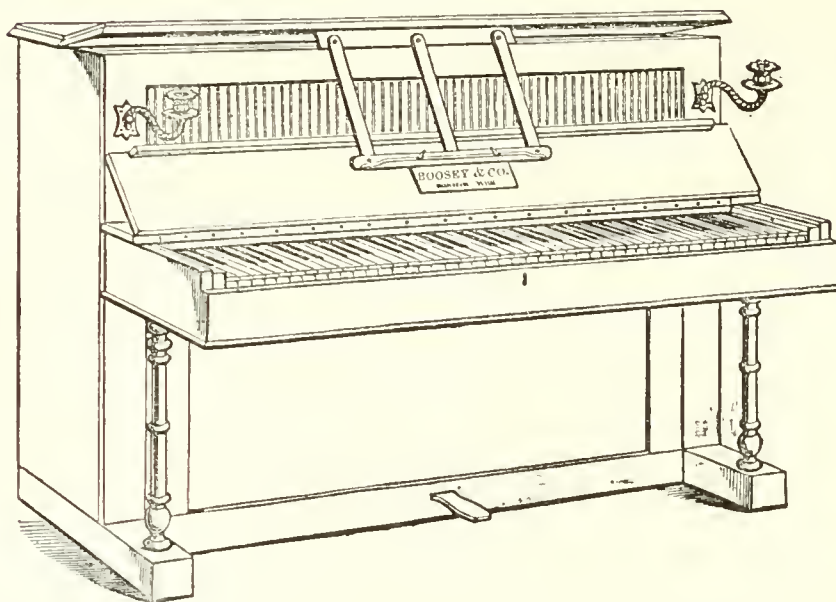
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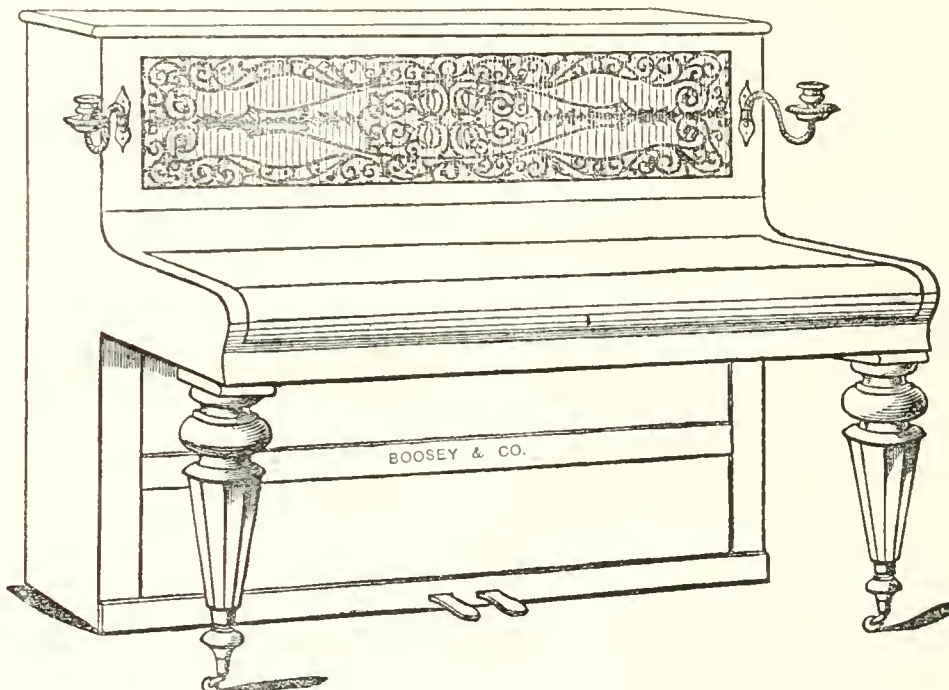
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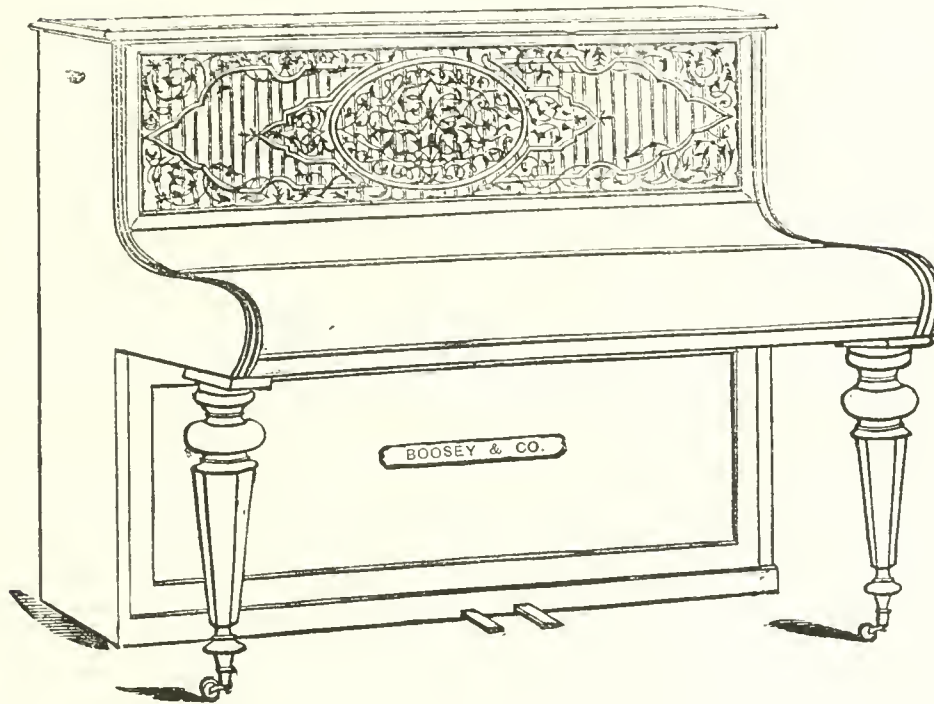
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5 Amen chorus	Messiah	Handel
6 And He shall purify	Messiah	Handel
7 And Israel saw, and believed the Lord	Israel	Handel
8 And the children of Israel sighed	Israel	Handel
9 And the glory of the Lord	Messiah	Handel
10 And with His stripes we are healed	Messiah	Handel
11 And with the blast of Thy nostrils	Israel	Handel
12 Awake the harp	Creation	Haydn
13 Behold the Lamb of God	Messiah	Handel
14 But as for His people	Israel	Handel
15 But thanks be to God	Messiah	Handel
16 But the waters overwhelmed their enemies	Israel	Handel
17 By Thee with bliss } Duet and Chorus	Creation	Haydn
18 For ever blessed	Creation	Haydn
19 Despairing, cursing rage	Judas	Handel
20 Dreadful of danger	Israel	Handel
21 Egypt was glad when they departed	Judas	Handel
22 Fallen is the foe	Judas	Handel
23 For Zion lamentation make	Messiah	Handel
24 For unto us a child is born	Messiah	Handel
25 Glory to God	Messiah	Handel
26 Hail Judea! happy land	Judas	Handel
27 Hallelujah, Amen	Judas	Handel
28 Hallelujah Chorus	Messiah	Handel
29 Hear us, O Lord	Judas	Handel
30 He gave them hailstones for rain	Israel	Handel
31 He is my God—And I will exalt Him	Israel	Handel
32 He rebuked the Red Sea—He led them through the deep	Israel	Handel
33 He sent a thick darkness	Israel	Handel
34 He spake the Word	Israel	Handel
35 He trusted in God that He would deliver him	Messiah	Handel
36 His yoke is easy and His burthen light	Messiah	Handel
37 Lead on, lead on	Judas	Handel
38 Let all the angels of God worship Him	Messiah	Handel
39 Let us break their bonds asunder	Messiah	Handel
40 Lift up your heads, O ye gates	Messiah	Handel
41 (Moses and the children of Israel }	Israel	Handel
42 I will sing unto the Lord	Judas	Handel
43 Moura, ye afflicted children	Judas	Handel
44 O Father, whose Almighty power	Judas	Handel
45 O stars the fairest } Duet and Chorus	Creation	Haydn
46 Proclaim in your extended course	Messiah	Handel
47 O Thou that tellest	Judas	Handel
48 See the conquering hero comes	Messiah	Handel
49 {Since by man, &c. }	Messiah	Handel
50 {Even so in Christ }	Creation	Haydn
51 Sing to the Lord, ye voices all	Judas	Handel
52 Sing unto God—Solo and Chorus	Israel	Handel
53 Sing ye to the Lord	Judas	Handel
54 Sound an alarm, and we hear—Solo and Chorus	Messiah	Handel
55 Surely He hath borne our griefs	Israel	Handel
56 The depths have covered them	Creation	Haydn
57 The Heavens are telling	Messiah	Handel
58 Their sound is gone out into all lands	Israel	Handel
59 The Lord shall reign for ever	Creation	Haydn
60 The Lord is great—Trio and Chorus	Messiah	Handel
61 The Lord gave the word	Creation	Haydn
62 The marvellous work—Air and Chorus	Israel	Handel
63 The people shall hear and be afraid	Israel	Handel
64 They thought to drink of the river	Israel	Handel
65 {Thy right hand, O Lord }	Israel	Handel
66 {And in the greatness of Thine excellency }	Israel	Handel
67 Thou seatest forth Thy wrath	Israel	Handel
68 To our great God	Judas	Handel
69 Tune your harps	Judas	Handel
70 We come in bright array	Judas	Handel
71 We never will bow down	Judas	Handel
72 {Who is like unto Thee, O Lord }	Israel	Handel
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